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Alas! she forgot, or perhaps did not know, That Bacchus fed herds in the valley below; That Venus a swain leved with hearty yood will And help'd him his cattle to tend on the hill.

SELECT

POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

CLASSICS OF ANTIQUITY.



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SELECT

POETICAL TRANSLATIONS.

IDYLLIUMS FROM BION.

TRANSLATED BY FAWKES.

ON THE

DEATH OF ADONIS.*

The death of fair Adonis I deplore; The lovely youth Adonis is no more: The cruel Fates have cut his vital thread, And all the Loves lament Adonis dead.

Ah Venus! never more in purple rest, For mournful sable change thy flowery vest; Thy beauteous bosom beat, thy loss deplore Aloud with sighs, Adonis is no more!

* This delicate Idyllium, containing all the beauties and graces that can possibly embellish a poem of this nature, is deservedly esteemed one of the finest and most perfect remains of antiquity.

For the lov'd youth these copious tears I shed, And all the Cupids mourn Adonis dead.

Methinks I see him on the mountain lie,
The boar's keen tusk has pierc'd his tender thigh;
Weltering he lies, expiring on the ground,
And near him Venus all in sorrow drown'd;
I see the crimson flood fast trickling flow
Down his white skin that vies with winter snow;
I see the lustre of his eyes decay,
And on his lips the roses fade away:
Yet who can Venus from those lips divide,
Though their sweet kisses with Adonis died?
To Venus sweet, ev'n now his breath is fled,
Yet all her kisses cannot warm the dead.

The fate of fair Adonis I deplore:
The Loves lament, Adonis is no more!

A deep wide wound is in his thigh imprest,
But Venus bears a deeper in her breast.
His beagles round a mournful howling keep;
And all the Dryads of the mountains weep:
But Venus, quite abandon'd to despair,
Her locks dishevell'd, and her feet all bare,
Flies through the thorny brake, the briary wood,
And stains the thickets with her sacred blood:

With piercing cries Adonis she bewails, Her darling youth, along the winding vales; While the blood, starting from his wounded thigh, Streams on his breast, and leaves a crimson dye.

Ah me! what tears fair Cytherea shed, And how the Loves deplor'd Adonis dead!

The Queen of Love, no longer now a bride, Has lost her beauty since Adonis died; Though bright the radiance of her charms before, Her lover and her beauty are no more! The mountains mourn, the waving woods bewail, And rivers roll lamenting through the vale; The silver springs descend in streams of woe Down the high hills, and murmur as they flow: And every flower in drooping grief appears Depress'd, and languishingly drown'd in tears: While Venus o'er the hills and valley flies, And, 'Ah! Adonis is no more,' she cries.

Along the hills and vales, and vocal shore, Echo repeats, 'Adonis is no more.'

Who could unmov'd these piteous wailings hear, Or view the love-lorn Queen without a tear?

Soon as she saw him wounded on the plain, His thigh discolour'd with the crimson stain, Sighing she said, and clasp'd him as he lay,

- O stay, dear hapless youth! for Venus stay!
- 'Our breasts once more let close embraces join,
- ' And let me press my glowing lips to thine.
- Raise, lov'd Adonis, raise thy drooping head,
- ' And kiss me ere thy parting breath be fled,
- ' The last fond token of affection give,
- O! kiss thy Venus, while the kisses live;
- ' Till in my breast I draw thy lingering breath,
- ' And with my lips imbibe thy love in death.
- 'This farewell kiss, which sorrowing thus I take,
- ' I'll keep for ever for Adonis' sake.
- 'Thee to the shades the fates untimely bring
- ' Before the drear inexorable king;
- 'Yet still I live unhappy and forlorn;
- ' How hard my lot to be a goddess born!
- ' Take, cruel Proserpine, my lovely boy,
- 'Since all that's form'd for beauty, or for joy,
- ' Descends to thee, while I indulge my grief,
- ' By fruitless tears soliciting relief.
- 'Thou dy'st, Adonis, and thy fate I weep,
- 'Thy love now leaves me, like a dream in sleep,
- ' Leaves me bereav'd, no more a blooming bride,
- ' With unavailing cupids at my side.

- With thee my zone, which coldest hearts could warm,
- · Lost every grace and all its power to charm.
- 'Why didst thou urge the chace, and rashly dare
- 'T' encounter beasts, thyself so wondrous fair!'

Thus Venus mourn'd, and tears incessant shed, And all the Loves bewail'd Adonis dead; Sighing they cried, 'Ah! wretched Queen, deplore' 'Thy joys all fled, Adonis is no more.'

As many drops of blood, as from the wound Of fair Adonis trickled on the ground, So many tears she shed in copious showers:

Both tears and drops of blood were turned to flowers. From these in crimson beauty sprung the rose, Cærulean-bright anemonies from those.

The death of fair Adonis I deplore, The lovely youth Adonis is no more.

No longer in lone woods lament the dead,
O Queen of Love! behold the stately bed,
On which Adonis, now depriv'd of breath,
Seems sunk in slumbers, beauteous ev'n in death.
Dress him, fair goddess, in the softest vest,
In which he oft with thee dissolv'd to rest;

On golden pillow be his head reclin'd. And let past joys be imag'd in thy mind. Though death the beauty of his bloom devours. Crown him with chaplets of the fairest flowers; Alas! the flowers have lost their gaudy pride, With him they flourish'd and with him they died. With odorous myrtle deck his drooping head, And o'er his limbs the sweetest essence shed: Ah! rather perish every rich perfume, The sweet Adonis perish'd in his bloom. Clad in a purple robe Adonis lies; Surrounding Cupids heave their breasts with sighs, Their locks they shear, excess of grief to show, They spurn the quiver, and they break the bow. Some loose his sandals with officious care, Some in capacious golden vessels bear The cleansing water from the chrystal springs; This bathes his wound, that fans him with his wings.

For Venus' sake the pitying Cupids shed A shower of tears, and mourn Adonis dead.

Already has the nuptial god, dismay'd, Quench'd his bright torch, for all his garlands fade: No more are joyful hymenæals sung, But notes of sorrow dwell on every tongue; While all around the general grief partake For loved Adonis, and for Hymen's sake.

With loud laments the Graces all deplore, And cry, 'The fair Adonis is no more.'

The Muses, wailing the wild woods among, Strive to recall him with harmonious song:
Alas! no sounds of harmony he hears,
For cruel Proserpine has clos'd his ears.
Cease, Venus, cease, thy soft complaints forbear,
Reserve thy sorrows for the mournful year.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

The sacred Nine delight in cruel love,
Tread in his steps, and all his ways approve:
Should some rude swain, whom love could ne'er refine,
Woo the fair Muses, they his suit decline;
But if the love-sick shepherd sweetly sing,
The tuneful choir, attending in a ring,
Catch the soft sounds, and tune the vocal shell;
This truth by frequent precedent I tell:

For when I praise some hero on my lyre,
Or, nobly daring, to a God aspire,
In strains more languid flows the nerveless song,
Or dies in faltering accents on my tongue:
But when with love or Lycidas I glow,
Smooth are my lays, the numbers sweetly flow.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

As late I slumbering lay, before my sight
Bright Venus rose in visions of the night:
She led young Cupid; as in thought profound
His modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground;
And thus she spoke: 'To thee, dear swain, I bring
'My little son; instruct the boy to sing.'

No more she said; but vanish'd into air,
And left the wily pupil to my care:
I, sure I was an ideot for my pains,
Began to teach him old bucolic strains;
How Pan the pipe, how Pallas form'd the flute,
Phæbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute:
Love, to my lessons quite regardless grown,
Sung lighter lays, and sonnets of his own,

Th' amours of men below, and gods above, And all the triumphs of the Queen of Love. I, sure the simplest of all shepherd-swains, Full soon forgot my old bucolic strains; The lighter lays of love my fancy caught, And I remember'd all that Cupid taught.

ACHILLES AND DEIDAMIA.

When with fair Helen Paris cross'd the deep,
Brought her to Troy, and made Oenone weep;
The injur'd states of Greece were all alarm'd,
Spartans, Mycenians, and Laconians arm'd;
The treachery stung their souls, and bloody vengeance warm'd:

In close disguise his life Achilles led,
Among the daughters of King Lycomed:
Instead of arms the hero learn'd to cull
The snowy fleece, and weave the twisted wool.
Like theirs, his cheeks a rosy bloom display'd,
Like them he seem'd a fair and lovely maid;
As soft his air, as delicate his tread,
Like them he cover'd with a veil his head:

But in his veins the tides of courage flow'd,
And love's soft passion in his bosom glow'd;
By Deidamia's side from morn to night
He sat, and with ineffable delight
Oft kiss'd her snow-white hand, or gently press'd
The blooming virgin to his glowing breast.
His soul was all enraptur'd with her charms,
Ardent he long'd to clasp her in his arms;
Oft in her ear these words enamour'd said,

- By pairs your sisters press the downy bed;
- ' But we, two maids of equal age and bloom,
- 'Still sleep divided in a separate room.
- 'Why should the night, more cruel than the day,
- 'Steal the sweet virgin, whom I love, away?'

LIFE TO BE ENJOYED.

In merit only stamps my former lays,
And those alone shall give me deathless praise:
But if ev'n those have lost their bright applause,
Why should I labour thus without a cause?
For if great Jove or fate would stretch our span,
And give of life a double share to man,

One part to pleasures and to joy ordain,
And vex the other with hard toil and pain;
With sweet complacence we might then employ
Our hours, for labour still enhances joy.
But since of life we have but one small share,
A pittance scant, which daily toils impair,
Why should we waste it in pursuit of care?
Why do we labour to augment our store,
The more we gain, still coveting the more?
Alas! alas! we quite forget that man
Is a mere mortal, and his life a span.

THE YOUNG FOWLER AND CUPID.

A YOUTH, once fowling in a shady grove,
On a tall box-tree spy'd the God of Love,
Perch'd like a beauteous bird; with sudden joy
At sight so noble leap'd the simple boy.
With eager expedition he prepares
His choicest twigs, his bird-lime, and his snares,
And in a neighbouring covert smil'd to see
How here and there he skipt, and hopt from tree to tree.
When long in vain he waited to betray
The God, enrag'd he flung his twigs away,

And to a plough-man near, an ancient man, Of whom he learn'd his art, the youngster ran, Told the strange story, while he held his plough, And show'd the bird then perch'd upon a bough, The grave old plough-man archly shook his head, Smil'd at the simple boy, and thus he said:

- 'Cease, cease, my son, this dangerous sport give o'er,
- 'Fly far away, and chase that-bird no more:
- ' Blest should you fail to catch him!—Hence away!
- 'That bird, believe me, is a bird of prey:
- 'Though now he seems to shun you all he can,
- ' Yet soon as time shall lead you up to man,
- ' He'll spread his fluttering pinions o'er your breast,
- ' Perch on your brow, and in your bosom nest.'

LOVE RESISTLESS.

Sweet Venus, daughter of the main, Why are you pleas'd with mortal's pain? What mighty trespass have they done, That thus you scourge them with your son? A guileful boy, a cruel foe, Whose chief delight is human woe. You gave him wings, alas! and darts, To range the world and shoot at hearts: For man no safety thus is found— His flight o'ertakes, his arrows wound.

ON HYACINTHUS.*

A FRAGMENT.

Desponding sorrow seiz'd Apollo's heart; All cures he try'd, and practis'd every art; With nectar and ambrosia drest the wound: Useless, alas! all remedies are found, When fate with cruel shears encompasses around.

^{*} The Story of Hyacinthus, from Ovid, is given in another part of this volume.



IDYLLIUMS

FROM

FAWKES's TRANSLATION OF

MOSCHUS.

ON THE DEATH OF BION.*

YE woods, with grief your waving summits bow, Ye Dorian fountains, murmur as ye flow;
From weeping urns your copious sorrows shed,
And bid the rivers mourn for Bion dead:
Ye shady groves, in robe of sable hue
Bewail; ye plants, in pearly drops of dew:
Ye drooping flowers, diffuse a languid breath,
And die with sorrow at sweet Bion's death:

* Bion and Moschus were contemporary poets at the court of Hiero, king of Syracuse, who began his reign about 265 years before the Christian era. Bion was born at Smyrna, but resided much of his time in Sicily, where Moschus became his disciple. His death, it appears by this Idyllium, was occasioned by poison.

Ye roses change from red to sickly pale, And, all ye bright anemonies, bewail: Now, Hyacinth, thy doleful letters show Inscribed in larger characters of woe, For Bion dead, the sweetest shepherd swain.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain! Ye nightingales, that perch among the sprays, Tune to melodious elegy your lays, And bid the streams of Arethuse deplore Bion's sad fate; lov'd Bion is no more:

Nor verse nor music could his life prolong, He died, and with him died the Doric song.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful strain! Ye swans of Strymon, in loud notes complain, Pensive, yet sweet, and droop the sickly wing, As when your own sad elegy ye sing. All the fair damsels of Oëagria tell, And all the nymphs that in Bistonia dwell, That Doric Orpheus charms no more the plains.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strains!

No more he sooths his oxen at the yoke,

No more he chants beneath the lonely oak.

Compell'd, alas! a doleful dirge to sing

To the grim god, the deaf Tartarean king.

And now each straggling heifer strays alone, And to the silent mountains makes her moan; The bulls loud bellowing o'er the forests rove, Forsake their pasture, and forget their love.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful lay!
Thy fate, O Bion! wept the god of day;
Pan griev'd; the dancing Satyrs and the Fauns
March'd slow and sad, and sigh'd along the lawns:
Then wail'd the nymphs that o'er the streams preside,
Fast flow'd their tears, and swell'd the chrystal tide.
Mute Echo now laments the rocks among,
Griev'd she no more can imitate thy song.
The flow'rets fade, and wither'd are the trees,
Those lose their beauty, and their verdure these.
The ewes no more with milky udders thrive,
No more drops honey from the fragrant hive;
The bees, alas! have lost their little store,
And what avails it now to work for more,
When from thy lips the honey's stol'n away!

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful lay!
Ne'er did the dolphin on the azure main
In such pathetic energy complain;
Nor Philomel with such melodious woe
E'er wail'd, nor swallow on the mountain's brow;

Nor did Alcyone transform'd deplore
So loud her lover dash'd upon the shore.
Not Memnon's birds such signs of sorrow gave,
When, screaming round, they hover'd o'er his grave;
As now in melancholy mood they shed
Their plaintive tears, lamenting Bion dead.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful lay!
The nightingales that perch upon the spray,
The swallows shrill, and all the feather'd throng,
Whom Bion taught, and ravish'd with his song,
Now sunk in grief their pensive music ply,
And strive to sing their master's elegy;
And all the birds in all the groves around
Strain their sweet throats to emulate the sound:
Ye turtles too, the gentle bard deplore,
And with deep murmurs fill the sounding shore.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful lay!
Who now, lov'd shepherd, on thy pipe shall play?
Still, still, methinks, the melting notes I hear,
But, ah! more faint they die upon my ear.
Echo, still listening, roves the meads along,
Or near the rocks still meditates thy song,
To Pan I'll give thy tuneful pipe, though he
Will fear, perchance, to be surpass'd by thee.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful strain! Thee Galatea weeps, sweet shepherd-swain; For oft thy graceful form her bosom warm'd, Thy song delighted, and thy music charm'd: She shunn'd the Cyclops, and his numbers rude, But thee with ardent love the nymph pursu'd: She left the sea, her element, and feeds, Forlorn, thy cattle on the flowery meads.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful lay!
Alas! the Muses will no longer stay,
No longer on these lonely coasts abide;
With thee they warbled, and with thee they died:
With Bion perish'd all the grace of song,
And all the kisses of the fair and young.
The little Loves, lamenting at his doom,
Strike their fair breasts, and weep around his tomb.
See Venus too her beauteous bosom beat!
She lov'd her shepherd more than kisses sweet,
More than those last dear kisses, which in death
She gave Adonis, and imbib'd his breath.
Meles! of streams in melody the chief,
Now heaves thy bosom with another grief;**

^{*} The city of Smyrna, on the banks of the river Meles, is supposed to have been the birth-place of Homer, as well as of Bion.

Thy Homer died, great master of the song, Thy Homer died, the Muses sweetest tongue: Then did thy waves in plaintive murmurs weep, And roll'd thy swelling sorrows to the deep: Another son demands the meed of woe, Again thy waters weep in long-drawn murmurs slow. Dear to the fountains was each tuneful son. This drank of Arethuse, that Helicon: He sung Atrides' and Achilles' ire, And the fair dame that set the world on fire: This form'd his numbers on a softer plan, And chanted shepherds' loves, and peaceful Pan: His flock he tended on the flowery meads, And milk'd his kine, or join'd with wax the reeds; Oft in his bosom he would Cupid take, And Venus lov'd him for her Cupid's sake.

Begin, Sicilian Muse, the mournful strains! Thee all the cities of the hills and plains, Illustrious bard, in silent grief deplore; Ascra for Hesiod ne'er lamented more; Not thus Bœotia mourn'd her Theban swan,* Nor thus the tears for bold Alcæus ran; Not Ceos for Simonides, nor thus Griev'd Paros for her bard Archilochus:

The shepherds of the Lesbian isle have long Neglected Sappho's for thy sweeter song: And all that breathe the past'ral reed rehearse Thy fate, O Bion, in harmonious verse. Sicelidas, the Samian shepherd sweet, And Lycidas, the blithest bard of Crete, Whose sprightly looks erst spoke their hearts elate, Now sorrowing mourn thy sad untimely fate; Mourns too Philetas' elegiac muse, And sweet Theocritus of Syracuse; I too, with tears, from Italy have brought Such plain bucolics as my master taught; Which, if at all with tuneful ease they flow, To thy learn'd precepts and thy art I owe. To other heirs thy riches may belong, I claim thy past'ral pipe and Doric song; In Doric song my pensive boon I pay:

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful lay! Alas! the meanest flowers which gardens yield, The vilest weeds that flourish in the field, Which dead in wintry sepulchres appear, Revive in spring, and bloom another year: But we, the great, the brave, the learn'd, the wise, Soon as the hand of death has clos'd our eyes,

In tombs forgotten lie, no suns restore,
We sleep, for ever sleep, to wake no more,
Thou too liest buried with the silent dead:
Fate spares the witlings, but thy vital thread
Snapp'd, cruel chance! and now 'tis my hard lot
To hear the dull bards (but I envy not)
Grate their harsh sonnets, flashy, rude, and vain:

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
O hapless Bion! poison was thy fate;
The baneful potion circumscrib'd thy date:
How could fell poison cause effect so strange,
Touch thy sweet lips, and not to honey change?
How could the savage wretch, that mix'd the draught,
Hear heavenly music with a murderous thought?
Could not thy songs his hellish purpose sway?

Begin, Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful lay! But soon just vengeance will his crime pursue, While I with pious tears thy tomb bedew. Could I like Orpheus, as old poets tell, Or mighty Hercules, descend to Hell; To Pluto's dreary mansion I would go, To hear what music Bion plays below. List to my counsel, gentle shepherd-swain, And softly warble some Sicilian strain,

(Such as, when living, gave divine delight)
To sooth the empress of the realms of night;
For she, ere Pluto seiz'd the trembling maid,
Sung Dorian lays, and in these meadows play'd.
Nor unrewarded shall thy numbers prove,
The dame will pity, though she cannot love;
As once she heard the Thracian's tuneful prayer,
And gave him back Eurydice the fair,
She'll pity now thy more melodious strain,
And send thee to thy hills and woods again.
Could I in powerful harmony excel,
For thee my pipe should charm the rigid king of hell.

THE RUNAWAY CUPID.

In search of her son, to the listening crowd, T'other day lovely Venus thus cry'd him aloud:

- ' Whoever may chance a stray Cupid to meet,
- ' My vagabond boy, as he strolls in the street,
- ' And will bring me the news, his reward shall be this,
- ' He may freely demand of fair Venus a kiss;
- 'But if to my arms he the boy can restore,
- · He's welcome to kisses and something still more.

- ' His marks are so plain, and so many, you'll own
- ' That among twenty others he's easily known.
- ' His skin is not white, but the colour of flame;
- ' His eyes are most cruel, his heart is the same:
- ' His delicate lips with persuasion are hung;
- But, ah! how they differ, his mind and his tongue!
- ' His voice sweet as honey; but nought can control,
- 'Whene'er he's provok'd, his implacable soul.
- ' He never speaks truth, full of fraud is the boy;
- ' And woe is his pastime, and sorrow his joy.
- ' His head is embellish'd with bright curling hair,
- ' He has confident looks, and an insolent air.
- · Though his hands are but little, yet darts they can fling
- 'To the regions below, and their terrible king.
- His body quite naked to view is reveal'd,
- ' But he covers his mind and his thoughts are conceal'd.
- Like a bird light of feather, the branches among,
- ' He skips here and there, to the old, to the young,
- ' From the men to the maids on a sudden he strays,
- ' And hid in their hearts on their vitals he preys:
- ' The bow which he carries is little and light,
- ' On the nerve is an arrow wing'd ready for flight,
- ' A little short arrow, yet swiftly it flies
- 'Through regions of Æther, and pierces the skies.
- ' A quiver of gold on his shoulders is bound,
- Stor'd with darts, that alike friends and enemies wound:

- ' Ev'n I, his own mother, in vain strive to shun
- ' His arrows-so fell and so cruel my son.
- ' His torch is but small, yet so ardent its ray,
- ' It scorches the sun, and extinguishes day.
- O you, who perchance may the fugitive find,
- ' Secure first his hands, and with manacles bind;
- ' Show the rogue no compassion, though oft he appears
- 'To weep-his are all hypocritical tears.
- With caution conduct him, nor let him beguile
- ' Your vigilant care with a treacherous smile.
- ' Perhaps with a laugh kisses sweet he will proffer:
- 'His kisses are poison, ah! shun the vile offer.
- 'Perhaps he'll say, sobbing: " no mischief I know;
- 'Here take all my arrows, my darts and my bow!"
- 'Ah! beware, touch them not-deceitful his aim;
- ' His darts and his arrows are all tipt with flame.'

THE RAPE OF EUROPA.

The Queen of Love, on amorous wiles intent, A pleasing dream to fair Europa sent. What time still night had roll'd the hours away, And the fresh dawn began to promise day,

When balmy slumbers, and composing rest, Close every eye, and sooth the pensive breast. When dreams and visions fill the busy brain, Prophetic dreams, that never rise in vain: 'Twas then Europa, as she sleeping lay, Chaste as Diana, sister of the day, Saw in her cause the adverse shore engag'd In war with Asia; terribly they rag'd: Each seem'd a woman; that in foreign guise, A native this, and claim'd the lovely prize With louder zeal: 'The beauteous nymph, she said, 'Her daughter was, and in her bosom bred.' But she, who as a stranger was array'd, Forc'd to her arms the unresisting maid; Call'd her her right, by all the powers above, Giv'n her by fate, and Ægis-bearing Jove.

The fair Europa, struck with sudden dread,
All pale and trembling started from her bed;
Silent she sat, and thought the vision true,
Still seem'd their forms to strive before her view:
At length she utter'd thus the voice of fear:

- 'Ye gods, what spectres to my sight appear?
- What dreams are these, in fancy's livery drest,
- 'That haunt my sleep, and break my golden rest?
- And who that form that seem'd so wond'rous kind?
- The dear idea still delights my mind.

- ' She, like a mother, press'd me in her arms:
- 'But, O ye gods! that send such strange alarms,
- ' Preserve these visionary scenes from harms.'

She said, and lightly from her couch she sprung,
Then sought her comrades, beautiful and young,
Her social mates; with them she lov'd to lave
Her limbs unblemish'd in the chrystal wave;
With them on lawns the sprightly dance to lead,
Or pluck sweet lilies on the flowery mead.
The nymphs assembled soon, a beauteous band!
With each a curious basket in her hand;
Then reach'd those fields where oft they play'd before.

The fragrant fields along the sea-beat shore, To gather flowers, and hear the billows roar.

Europa's basket, radiant to behold,
The work of Vulcan, was compos'd of gold;
He gave it Libya, mighty Neptune's bride,
She Telephassa, next in blood ally'd;
From her bequeath'd to fair Europa came
This splendid basket of celestial frame.
Fair in the work the milk-white lö stood
In roughen'd gold, and lowing paw'd the flood,

(For Vulcan there had pour'd the azure main) A heifer still, nor yet transform'd again.* Two men stood figur'd on the ocean's brim, Who watch'd the cow, that seem'd inclin'd to swim. Jove too appear'd enamour'd on the strand. And strok'd the lovely heifer with his hand: Till, on the banks of Nile again array'd, In native beauty shone the blooming maid: The sev'n mouth'd Nile in silver currents roll'd, And Jove was sculptur'd in refulgent gold. Near piping Hermes sleepless Argus lies, Watching the heifer with his hundred eyes: From Argus slain a painted peacock grew, Fluttering his feathers stained with various hue, And, as a ship expands her swelling sail, He round the basket spread his starry tail. Such were the scenes the Lemnian god display'd, And such the basket of the Tyrian maid.

The lovely damsels gather'd flow'rets bright, Sweet to the smell, and beauteous to the sight; The fragrant hyacinth of purple hue, Narcissus, wild thyme, and the violet blue;

^{*} The fable of Iö, from Ovid's Metamorphoses, is given in another part of this volume.

Some the gilt crocus or pale lily chose, But fair Europa cropp'd the blooming rose; And all her mates excell'd in radiant mien. As 'midst the Graces shines the Cyprian queen. Not long, alas! in these fair fields she shone, Nor long unloos'd preserv'd her virgin zone: Saturnian Jove beheld the matchless maid. And sudden transports the rapt god invade; He glows with all the fervid flame of love; For Cupid's arrows pierce the breast of Jove. But, best his amorous intent to screen, And shun the jealous anger of his queen, He laid his immortality aside, And a bull's form th'intriguing god bely'd; But not of earthly shape, or mortal breed, Such as at large in flowery pastures feed; Whose stubborn necks beneath the voke we bow, Break to the wain, or harness to the plough. His golden hue distinguish'd him afar; Full in his forehead beam'd a silver star: His large blue eyes that shone serenely bright, Languish'd with love, and sparkled with delight: On his broad temples rose two equal horns, Like that fair crescent which the skies adorns. Gently he moves with peaceful look and bland, And spreads no terror in the virgin band:

Nearer they draw, with eager longing led
To stroke his sides, and pat his comely head:
His breath divine ambrosial odours yields,
Sweeter than fragrance of the flowery fields.
At fair Europa's feet with joy he stands,
And prints sweet kisses on her lily hands.
His foamy lips she wipes, unaw'd by dread,
And strokes his sides, and pats his comely head.
Gently he low'd, as musical and clear
As notes soft warbled on the raptur'd ear:
And, as on earth his pliant knees he bent,
Show'd his broad back that hinted what he meant;
Then turn'd his suppliant eyes, and view'd the maid;
Who thus, astonish'd, to her comrades said:

- 'Say, dearest mates, what can this beast intend?
- ' Let us (for lo! he stoops) his hack accord,
- · And ride in sportive gambols round the mead;
- 'This lovely bull is, sure, of gentlest breed;
- ' So meek his manner, so benign his mind,
- He wants but voice to equal human-kind,

So spoke the fair, and up she rose to ride, And call'd her lingering partners to her side: Soon as the bull his pleasing burden bore, Vigorous he sprung, and hasten'd to the shore. The nymph dismay'd invok'd the virgin band For help, and wav'd her unavailing hand. On the soft bosom of the azure flood With his fair prize the bull triumphant rode: Up rose the Nereids to attend his train, And all the mighty monsters of the main. Cærulean Neptune was the Thunderer's guide, And for the passing pomp he smooth'd the tide: The Tritons hail'd him as he steer'd along, And sounded on their conchs the nuptial song. On Jove's broad back the lovely damsel borne Grasp'd with her fair right hand his polish'd horn, Her left essay'd her purple robe to save, That lightly brush'd the surface of the wave: Around her head soft breath'd the gentle gale, And fill'd her garment like a swelling sail. Europa's heart throbb'd quick with chilling fear, Far from her much-lov'd home, and comrades dear; No sea-beat shore she saw, nor mountain's brow, Nor aught but sky above, and waves below. Then with a mournful look the damsel said:

'Ah! whither wilt thou bear a wretched maid?

- ' Who, and whence art thou, wond'rous creature, say?
- ' How canst thou fearless tread the watery way?
- On the broad ocean safely sails the ship,
- But bulls avoid, and dread the stormy deep.

- 'Say, can a bull on sea-born viands feed?
- Or, if descended from celestial breed,
- 'Thy acts are inconsistent with a god:
- ' Bulls rove the meads, and dolphins swim the flood;
- But earth and ocean are alike to thee,
- ' Thy hoofs are oars that row thee through the sea.
- ' Perhaps, like airy birds, thou soon wilt fly,
- ' And soar amidst the regions of the sky.
- 'Ah! wretched maid, to leave my native home,
- ' And simply dare with bulls in meads to roam!
- 'And now on seas I ride—ah! wretched maid!
- But, O! I trust, great Neptune, in thy aid;
- ' Soon let my eyes my great conductor hail,
- For not without a deity I sail.'

Thus spoke the nymph, and thus the bull reply'd:

- ' Courage, fair maid, nor fear the foaming tide;
- 'Though now a bull I seem to mortal eyes,
- 'Thou soon shalt see me ruler of the skies.
- ' What shape I please, at will I take and keep,
- ' And now a bull I cross the boundless deep;
- · For thy bright charms inspire my breast with love:
- But soon shall Crete's fair isle, the nurse of Jove,
- · Receive Europa on its friendly strand,
- ' To join with me in Hymen's blissful band:
- From thee shall kings arise in long array,
- To rule the world with delegated sway.'

Thus spoke the god; and what he spoke prov'd true:
For soon Crete's lofty shore appear'd in view:
Jove straight assum'd another form and air,
And loos'd her zone; the Hours the couch prepare.
The nymph Europa thus, through powerful love,
Became the bride of cloud-compelling Jove:
From her sprung mighty kings in long array,
Who rul'd the world with delegated sway.

THE CHOICE.

When zephyrs gently curl the azure main,
On land, impatient, I can scarce sustain
At ease to dwell; a calm yields more delight:
But when old ocean to a mountain's height
Rolls, with tremendous roar, his foaming floods,
I loath the sea, and sigh for fields and woods.
Safe is the land; then piny forests please,
Though hoarse winds whistle through the bending trees.
Hapless the fisher's life! the sea his toil,
His house a bark, and faithless fish his spoil.
But O! to me how sweet are slumbers, laid
Beneath a lofty plane's embowering shade;
And thence the tinkling of a rill to hear,
Whose sound gives pleasure unallay'd by fear!

CAPRICIOUS LOVE.

PAN sighs for Echo o'er the lawn; Sweet Echo loves the dancing Faun; The dancing Faun fair Lyda charms; As Echo Pan's soft bosom warms. So for the Faun sweet Echo burns; Thus all inconstant in their turns. Both fondly woo, are fondly woo'd, Pursue, and are themselves pursued. As much as all slight those that woo, So those that slight are slighted too: Thus rages, by capricious fate, Alternate love, alternate hate. Ye scornful nymphs and swains, I tell This truth to you; pray mark it well: If to your lovers kind you prove, You'll gain the hearts of those you love.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

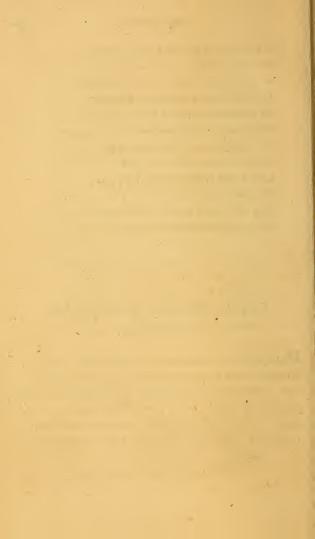
Hail, golden star! of ray serene, Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen, O Hesper! glory of the night, Diffusing through the gloom delight; Whose beams all other stars outshine,
As much as silver Cynthia thine;
O! guide me, speeding o'er the plain,
To him I love, my shepherd-swain;
He keeps the mirthful feast, and soon
Dark shades will cloud the splendid moon.
Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
Nor the lone traveller of gold:
Love is my crime: O lend thy ray
To guide a lover on her way!
May the bright star of Venus prove
The gentle harbinger of love!

CUPID TURN'D PLOUGHMAN.

AN EPIGRAM.

Disguis'd like a ploughman, love stole from the sky, His torch, and his bow, and his quiver thrown by; And, with pouch at his shoulder, and goad in his hand, Began with yok'd oxen to furrow the land:

And, 'O Jove, be propitious,' he cry'd 'or I vow,
'That I'll yoke thee, Europa's fam'd bull, to my plough.'



IDYLLIUMS

FROM

FAWKES's TRANSLATION OF

THEOCRITUS.*

THE HONEY STEALER.

As Cupid, the slyest young wanton alive,
Of its hoard of sweet honey was robbing a hive,
The sentinel bee buzz'd with anger and grief,
And darted his sting in the hand of the thief.
He sobb'd, blew his fingers, stamp'd hard on the ground,
And leaping in anguish shew'd Venus the wound;
Then began in a sorrowful tone to complain,
That an insect so little should cause so much pain.

* Theocritus was a native of Sicily, and contemporary poet with Bion and Moschus. His Idylliums are of a very diversified nature; and though he is chiefly celebrated for his glowing picturesque description, and his correct delineation of pastoral life, some of his pieces, it is aptly remarked by Dr. Warton, indicate a genius far superior to pastoral, and equal to the sublimest species of poetry.

Venus smiling, her son in such taking to see, Said, 'Cupid, you put me in mind of a bee; 'You're just such a busy, diminutive thing, 'Yet you make woeful wounds with a desperate sting.'

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

WHEN Venus saw Adonis dead, And from his cheeks the roses fled, His lovely locks distain'd with gore: She bade her Cupids bring the boar, The boar that had her lover slain. The cause of all her grief and pain. Swift as the pinion'd birds they rove Through every wood, through every grove; And when the guilty boar they found, With cords they bound him, doubly bound; One with a chain, secure and strong, Haul'd him unwillingly along; One pinch'd his tail to make him go, Another beat him with his bow: The more they urg'd, the more they dragg'd, The more reluctantly he lagg'd.

Guilt in his conscious looks appear'd; He much the angry goddess fear'd. To Venus soon the boar they led—

- 'O cruel, cruel beast! she said,
- ' Durst thou that thigh with blood distain?
- ' Hast thou my dearest lover slain?'
 Submissive he replies; 'I swear
- 'By thee, fair queen; by all that's dear;
- 'By thy fond lover; by this chain;
- ' And by this numerous hunter-train;
- 'I ne'er design'd, with impious tooth,
- 'To wound so beautiful a youth:
- ' No; but with love and frenzy warm,
- ' (So far has beauty power to charm!)
- 'I long'd, this crime I'll not deny,
- 'To kiss that fair, that naked thigh.
- 'These tusks then punish, if you please,
- 'These are offenders, draw out these.
- ' Of no more use they now can prove
- 'To me the votaries of love!
- ' My guilty lips, if not content,
- 'My lips shall share the punishment.'
 These words, so movingly exprest,
 Infus'd soft pity in her breast;
 The queen relented at his plea,
 And bade her Cupids set him free:

But from that day he join'd her train, Nor to the woods return'd again; And all those teeth he burnt with fire, Which glow'd before with keen desire.

THE SYRACUSIAN GOSSIPS,

AT THE

FESTIVAL OF ADONIS.

Gorgo, Eunoe, Praxinoë, Old-Woman, and Stranger.

GORGO.

Pray, is Praxinoe at home?

EUNOE.

Dear Gorgo, yes-how late you come!

PRAXINOE.

Well! is it you? Maid, bring a chair And cushion. Gor. Thank you. Prax. Pray sit there.

GORGO.

Lord bless me! what a bustling throng!
I scarce could get alive along:
In chariots such a heap of folks!
And men in arms and men in cloaks—

Besides I live so distant hence, The journey really is immense.

PRAXINOE.

My husband, heav'n his senses mend!
Here will inhabit the world's end,
This horrid house, or rather den;
More fit for savages than men.
This scheme with envious aim he labours,
Only to separate good neighbours—
My plague eternal!

GORGO.

Softly, pray,

The child attends to all you say;

Name not your husband when he's by—

Observe how earnest is his eye!—

PRAXINOE.

Sweet Zopy! there's a bonny lad, Cheer up! I did not mean your dad.

GORGO.

'Tis a good dad.—I'll take an oath, The urchin understands us both.

PRAXINOE.

(Let's talk as if some time ago, And then we shall be safe, you know) This person happen'd once to stop To purchase nitre at a shop, And what d' ye think? the silly creature Bought salt, and took it for salt-petre.

GORGO.

My husband's such another honey,
And thus, as idly, spends his money;
Five fleeces for seven drachms he bought,
Coarse as dog's hair, not worth a groat.
But take your cloak, and garment grac'd
With clasps that lightly binds your waist;
Adonis' festival invites,
And Ptolemy's gay court delights:

And Ptolemy's gay court delights:
Besides, our matchless queen, they say,
Exhibits some grand sight to-day.

PRAXINOE.

No wonder—every body knows Great folks can always make fine shows: But tell me what you went to see, And what you heard—'tis new to me.

GORGO.

The feast now calls us hence away, And we shall oft keep holiday.

PRAXINOE.

Maid! water quickly—set it down— Lord! how indelicate you're grown! Disperse these cats that love their ease— But first the water, if you pleaseQuick! how she creeps; pour, hussy, pour; You've spoil'd my gown—so, so—no more. Well, now I'm wash'd—ye gods be blest! Here—bring the key of my large chest.

GORGO.

This robe becomes you mighty well; What might it cost you? can you tell?

PRAXINOE.

Three pounds, or more; I'd not have done it, But that I'd set my heart upon it.

GORGO.

'Tis wondrous cheap.

PRAXINOE.

You think so?—maid,
Fetch my umbrella, and my shade;
So, put it on—fye, Zopy, fye!
Stay within doors, and don't you cry:
The horse will kick you in the dirt—
Roar as you please, you shan't get hurt.
Pray, maid, divert him—come, 'tis late:
Call in the dog, and shut the gate.

Lord! here's a bustle and a throng— How shall we ever get along! Such numbers cover all the way, Like emmets on a summer's day. O Ptolemy, thy fame exceeds Thy godlike sire's in noble deeds! No robber now with Pharian wiles The stranger of his purse beguiles; No ruffians now infest the street, And stab the passengers they meet.

What shall we do? lo! here advance The king's war-horses—how they prance! Don't tread upon me, honest friend—Lord, how that mad horse rears an end! He'll throw his rider down, I fear—I'm glad I left the child, my dear.

GQRGO.

Don't be afraid; the danger's o'er; The horses, see! are gone before.

PRAXINOE.

I'm better now, but always quake
Whene'er I see a horse or snake;
They rear, and look so fierce and wild—
I own, I've loath'd them from a child.
Walk quicker—what a crowd is this!

GORGO.

Pray, come you from the palace?

OLD-WOMAN. Yes.

GORGO.

Can we get in, d'ye think?

OLD-WOMAN. Make trial— The steady never take denial;

The steady Greeks old Ilium won: By trial, all things may be done.

GORGO.

Gone, like a riddle, in the dark;
These crones, if we their tales remark,
Know better far than I or you know
How Jupiter was join'd to Juno.
Lo! at the gate, what crowds are there!

PRAXINOE.

Immense, indeed! Your hand, my dear:
And let the maids join hands, and close us,
Lest in the bustle they should lose us.
Let's crowd together through the door—
Heav'ns bless me! how my gown is tore!
By Jove, but this is past a joke—
Pray, good sir, don't you rend my cloak.

MAN.

I can't avoid it; I'm so prest.

PRAXINOE.

Like pigs they justle, I protest.

MAN.

Cheer up, for now we're safe and sound.

PRAXINOE.

May you in happiness abound;

For you have serv'd us all you can—Gorgo!—a mighty civil man—See how the folks poor Eunoe justle!
Push through the crowd, girl!—bustle, bustle—Now we're all in; as Dromo said,
When he had got his bride in bed.

GORGO.

Lo! what rich hangings grace the rooms— Sure they were wove in heavenly looms.

PRAXINOE.

Gracious! how delicately fine
The work! how noble the design!
How true, how happy is the draught!
The figures seem inform'd with thought—
No artists sure the story wove;
They're real men—they live, they move.
From these amazing works we find,
How great, how wise the human mind.
Lo! stretch'd upon a silver bed,
(Scarce has the down his cheeks o'erspread)
Adonis lies; O, charming show!
Lov'd by the sable powers below.

STRANGER.

Hist! your Sicilian prate forbear; Your mouths extend from ear to ear, Like turtles that for ever moan; You stun us with your rustic tone. GORGO.

Sure! we may speak! what fellow's this? And do you take it, sir, amiss? Go, keep Ægyptian slaves in awe: Think not to give Sicilians law: Besides, we're of Corinthian mould, As was Bellerophon of old: Our language is entirely Greek—The Dorians may the Doric speak.

PRAXINOE.

O sweet Proserpina, sure none Presumes to give us law but one! To us there is no fear you shou'd Do harm, who cannot do us good.

GORGO.

Hark! the Greek girl's about to raise Her voice in fair Adonis' praise; She's a sweet pipe for funeral airs: She's just beginning, she prepares: She'll Sperchis, and the world excel, That by her prelude you may tell.

THE GREEK GIRL SINGS.

O chief of Golgos, and the Idalian grove, And breezy Eryx, beauteous Queen of Love! Once more the soft-foot hours approaching slow, Restore Adonis from the realms below; Welcome to man they come with silent pace, Diffusing benisons to human race. O Venus, daughter of Dione fair, You gave to Berenice's lot to share Immortal joys in heavenly regions blest, And with divine Ambrosia fill'd her breast. And now in due return, O heavenly born! Whose honour'd name a thousand fanes adorn, Arsinoe pays the pompous rites divine, Rival of Helen, at Adonis' shrine; All fruits she offers that ripe autumn yields, The produce of the gardens, and the fields; All herbs and plants which silver baskets hold; And Syrian unguents flow from shells of gold. With finest meal sweet paste the women make, Oil, flowers and honey mingling in the cake: Earth and the air afford a large supply Of animals that creep, and birds that fly. Green bow'rs are built with dill sweet-smelling crown'd, And little Cupids hover all around; And, as young nightingales their wings essay, Skip here and there, and hop from spray to spray. What heaps of golden vessels glittering bright! What stores of ebon black, and ivory white! In ivory carv'd large eagles seem to move, And through the clouds bear Ganymede to Jove.

Lo! purple tapestry arrang'd on high Charms the spectators with the Tyrian dye, The Samian and Milesian swains, who keep Large flocks, acknowledge 'tis more soft than sleep: Of this Adonis claims a downy bed, And lo! another for fair Venus spread! Her bridegroom scarce attains to nineteen years, Rosy his lips, and no rough beard appears. Let raptur'd Venus now enjoy her mate, While we, descending to the city gate, Array'd in decent robes that sweep the ground, With naked bosoms, and with hair unbound, Bring forth Adonis, slain in youthful years, Ere Phœbus drinks the morning's early tears. And while to yonder flood we march along, With tuneful voices raise the funeral song.

Adonis, you alone of demigods,
Now visit earth, and now hell's dire abodes:
Not fam'd Atrides could this favour boast,
Nor furious Ajax, though himself an host;
Nor Hector, long his mother's grace and joy
Of twenty sons, not Pyrrhus safe from Troy,
Not brave Patroclus of immortal fame,
Nor the fierce Lapithæ, a deathless name;
Nor sons of Pelops, nor Deucalion's race,
Nor stout Pelasgians, Argos' honour'd grace.

As now, divine Adonis, you appear Kind to our prayers, O bless the future year! As now propitious to our vows you prove, Return with meek benevolence and love.

GORGO,

O, fam'd for knowledge in mysterious things! How sweet, Praxinoë, the damsel sings! Time calls me home to keep my husband kind, He's prone to anger if he has not din'd. Farewell, Adonis, lov'd and honour'd boy; O come, propitious, and augment our joy.

THE HIMERÆAN ODE.*

THYRSIS.

Sweet are the whispers of you vocal pine, Whose boughs, projecting o'er the springs, recline;

* This Idyllium is considered as the pattern and standard of the old bucolic poems. The pre-eminent merit of our Author in pastoral description, is thus happily expressed by Dr. Blair: 'He is distinguished for the simplicity of his sentiments, for the great sweetness and harmony of his numbers, and for the richness of his scenery and description. He is the original, of which Virgil is the imitator.' Sweet is thy warbled reed's melodious lay; Thou, next to Pan, shalt bear the prize away: If to the God a horn'd he-goat belong, The gentler female shall reward thy song; If he the female claim, a kid's thy share, And, till you milk them, kids are dainty fare.

GOATHERD.

Sweeter thy song, O shepherd, than the rill That rolls its music down the rocky hill:
If one white ewe content the tuneful Nine,
A stall-fed lamb, meet recompence, is thine;
And if the Muses claim the lamb their due,
My gentle Thyrsis shall obtain the ewe.

THYRSIS.

Wilt thou on this declivity repose,
Where the rough tamarisk luxuriant grows,
And gratify the Nymphs with sprightly strain?
I'll feed thy goats, and tend the browsing train.

GOATHERD.

I dare not, dare not, shepherd, grant your boon, Pan's rage I fear, who always rests at noon, When tir'd with hunting, stretch'd in sleep along, His bitter rage will burst upon my song: But well you know Love's pains, which Daphnis rues, You the great master of the rural muse; Let us beneath you shady elm retreat, Where Nature forms a lovely pastoral seat, Where sculptur'd Naiads and Priapus stand. And groves of oaks extending o'er the land; There if you sing as sweetly as of yore, When you the prize from Lybian Chromis bore, Thrice shall you milk this goat; she never fails Two kids to suckle, though she fills two pails; To this I'll add, with scented wax o'er-laid, Of curious workmanship, and newly made, A deep two-handled Cup, whose brim is crown'd With ivy join'd with helichryse around; Small tendrils with close-clasping arms uphold The fruit rich speckled with the seeds of gold. Within, a woman's well-wrought image shines, A vest her limbs, her locks a caul confines; And near, two neat-curl'd youths in amorous strains With fruitless strife communicate their pains: Smiling, by turns, she views the rival pair; Grief swells their eyes, their heavy hearts despair. Hard by, a fisherman advanc'd in years, On the rough margin of a rock appears;*

^{*} Theoritus has been thought by some critics to be rather prolix in his account of this curious Pastoral Cup; but it should be recollected that such Cups were in high estimation with the ancient shepherds: the poet, therefore, may be allowed to be somewhat circumstantial in his description of it.

Intent he stands t' enclose the fish below, Lifts a large net, and labours at the throw: Such strong expression rises on the sight, You'd swear the man exerted all his might; For his round neck with turgid veins appears— 'In years he seems, yet not impair'd by years.' A vineyard next, with intersected lines, And red ripe clusters load the bending vines: To guard the fruit a boy sits idly by, In ambush near, two skulking foxes lie; This plots the branches of ripe grapes to strip, But that, more daring, meditates the scrip; Resolv'd ere long to seize the savoury prey, And send the youngster dinnerless away: Meanwhile on rushes all his art he plies, In framing traps for grasshoppers and flies; And earnest only on his own designs, Forgets his satchel, and neglects his vines: All round the soft acanthus spreads its train-This Cup, admir'd by each Æolian swain, From far a Calydonian sailor brought, For a she-goat and new-made cheese I bought; No lip has touch'd it, still unus'd it stood; To you I give this masterpiece of wood, If you those Himeræan strains rehearse Of Daphnis' woes-I envy not your verseDread Fate, alas! may soon demand your breath, And close your music in oblivious death.

THYRSIS.

Begin, ye' Nine, that sweetly wont to play, Begin, ye Muses, the bucolic lay.

- 'Thyrsis my name, to Ætna I belong,
- 'Sicilian Swain, and this is Thyrsis' song:'

Where were ye, Nymphs, in what sequester'd grove? Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pin'd with love? Did ye on Pindus' steepy top reside? Or where through Tempe Peneus rolls his tide? For where the waters of Anapus flow, Fam'd streams! ye play'd not, nor on Ætna's brow; Nor where chaste Acis laves Sicilian plains—

Begin, ye Muses, sweet bucolic strains. Him savage panthers in wild woods bemoan'd, For him fierce wolves in hideous howlings groan'd; His fate fell lions mourn'd the live-long day—

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

Meek heifers, patient cows, and gentle steers,

Moan'd at his feet, and melted into tears;

Ev'n bulls loud bellowing wail'd the shepherd-swain—

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.

First from the mountain winged Hermes came;

- 'Ah! whence, he cried, proceeds this fatal flame?
- ' What Nymph, O Daphnis, steals thine heart away?'

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

Goatherds and hinds approach'd; the youth they hail'd,

And shepherds kindly ask'd him what he ail'd. Priapus came, soft pity in his eye,

'And why this grief,' he said, 'ah! Daphnis, why?'
Meanwhile the nymph disconsolately roves,
With naked feet thro' fountains, woods, and groves,
And thus of faithless Daphnis she complains;

(Begin, ye Muses, sweet bucolic strains)

- 'Ah youth! defective both in head and heart,
- ' A cowherd stil'd, a goatherd sure thou art,
- Who when askance with leering eye he notes
- 'The amorous gambols of his frisking goats,
- ' He longs to emulate their wanton play:

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

- ' So when you see the virgin train advance
- ' With nimble feet light bounding in the dance;
- · Or when they softly speak, or sweetly smile,
- ' You pine with grief, and envy all the while.'

Unmov'd he sat, and no reply return'd, But still with unavailing passion burn'd; To death he nourish'd Love's consuming pain—

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain Venus insulting came, the youth addrest, Forc'd a faint smile, with torture at her breast;

- ' Daphnis, you boasted you could Love subdue,
- · But tell me, has not Love defeated you?
- ' Alas! you sink beneath his mighty sway.

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

- 'Ah! cruel Venus!' Daphnis thus began,
- 'Abhorr'd and curs'd by all the race of man,
- ' My days decline, my setting sun I know,
- 'I pass a victim to the shades below,
- 'Where riots Love with insolent disdain-

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.

- 'To Ida, Venus, fly, expose your charms,
- 'Rush to Anchises, your old cowherd's arms;
- 'There bowering oaks will compass you around,
- ' Here low cyperus scarcely shades the ground,
- ' Here bees with hollow hums disturb the day.

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

- ' Adonis feeds his flocks, tho' passing fair,
- ' With his keen darts he wounds the flying hare,
- And hunts the beasts of prey along the plain.

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.

- ' Say, if again arm'd Diomed you see,
- 'I conquer'd Daphnis, and will challenge thee;
- ' Dar'st thou, bold chief, with me renew the fray?

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

- ' Farewell, ye wolves, and bears, and lynxes dire;
- ' My steps no more the tedious chace shall tire:
- ' The herdsman, Daphnis, now no longer roves,
- 'Thro' flowery shrubs, thick woods, or shady groves.
- ' Fair Arethusa, and ye streams that swell
- ' In gentle tides near Thymbrian towers, farewell,
- ' Your cooling waves slow-winding o'er the plains.

Begin, ye Muses, sweet bucolic strains.

- I, Daphnis, here my lowing oxen fed,
- ' And here my heifers to their watering led,
- ' With bulls and steers no longer now I stray.

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

- · Pan, whether now on Mænalus you rove,
- ' Or loiter careless in Lycœus' grove,

- ' Leave you aerial promontory's height
- ' Of Helice, projecting to the sight,
- 'Where fam'd Lycaon's stately tomb is rear'd,
- ' Lost in the skies, and by the Gods revered;
- ' Haste, and revisit fair Sicilia's plains.

Cease, Muses, cease the sweet bucolic strains.

- ' Pan, take this pipe, to me for ever mute,
- ' Sweet-ton'd, and bent your rosy lip to suit,
- ' Compacted close with wax, and join'd with art,
- 'For Love, alas! commands me to depart;
- ' Dread Love and Death have summon'd me away-

Cease, Muses, cease the sweet bucolic lay.

- ' Let violets deck the bramble-bush and thorn,
- ' And fair narcissus junipers adorn.
- ' Let all things Nature's contradiction wear,
- ' And lofty pines produce the luscious pear;
- ' Since Daphnis dies, let all things change around,
- ' Let timorous deer pursue the flying hound;
- ' Let screech-owls soft as nightingales complain'-

Cease, cease, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain. He died—and Venus strove to raise his head, But Fate had cut the last remaining thread—
The Lake he past, the whelming wave he prov'd, Friend to the Muses, by the nymphs belov'd.

Cease, sacred Nine, that sweetly wont to play, Cease, cease, ye Muses, the bucolic lay.

Now, friend, the Cup and Goat are fairly mine, Her milk's a sweet libation to the Nine: Ye Muses, hail! all praise to you belongs, And future days shall furnish better songs.

GOATHERD.

O, be thy mouth with figs Ægilean fill'd, And drops of honey on thy lips distill'd! Thine is the Cup (for sweeter far thy voice Than when in spring the grasshoppers rejoice) Sweet is the smell, and scented as the bowers Wash'd by the fountains of the blissful Hours.

Come, Ciss! let Thyrsis milk thee—Kids, forbear Your gambols, lo! the wanton goat is near.

SIMÆTHEA.

Where are my laurels? and my philtres where? Quick bring them, Thestylis—the charm prepare; This purple fillet round the cauldron strain, That I with spells may prove my perjur'd swain:

For since he rapt my door twelve days are fled, Nor knows he whether I'm alive or dead: Perhaps to some new face his heart's inclin'd, For Love has wings, and he a changeful mind. To the Palæstra with the morn I'll go, And see and ask him why he shuns me so? Meanwhile my charms shall work: O Queen of Night: Pale Moon, assist me with refulgent light; My imprecations I address to thee, Great Goddess, and infernal Hecatè Stain'd with black gore, whom ev'n gaunt mastiffs dread, Whene'er she haunts the mansions of the dead: Hail, horrid Hecatè, and aid me still With Circe's power, or Perimeda's skill, Or mad Medea's art-Restore, my charms, My lingering Delphis to my longing arms.

The cake's consum'd—burn, Thestylis, the rest In flames; what frenzy has your mind possest? Am I your scorn, that thus you disobey, Base maid, my strict commands?—Strew salt, and say, 'Thus Delphis' bones I strew'—Restore, my charms, The perjur'd Delphis to my longing arms.

Delphis inflames my bosom with desire; For him I burn this laurel in the fire: And as it fumes and crackles in the blaze, And without ashes instantly decays, So may the flesh of Delphis burn—My charms, Restore the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.

As melts this waxen form, by fire defac'd, So in Love's flames may Myndian Delphis waste: And as this brazen wheel, though quick roll'd round, Returns, and in it's orbit still is found, So may his love return—Restore, my charms, The lingering Delphis to my longing arms.

I'll strew the bran: Diana's power can bow Rough Rhadamanth, and all that's stern below. Hark! hark! the village-dogs! the Goddess soon Will come—the dogs terrific bay the moon—Strike, strike the sounding brass—Restore, my charms, Restore false Delphis to my longing arms.

Calm is the ocean, silent is the wind,
But grief's black tempest rages in my mind.
I burn for him whose perfidy betray'd
My innocence; and me, ah, thoughtless maid!
Robb'd of my richest gem—Restore, my charms,
False Delphis to my long-deluded arms.

I pour libations thrice, and thrice I pray;
O, shine, great Goddess, with auspicious ray!
Whoe'er she be, blest nymph! that now detains
My fugitive in Love's delightful chains;
Be she for ever in oblivion lost,
Like Ariadne, 'lorn on Dia's coast,
Abandon'd by false Theseus—O, my charms,
Restore the lovely Delphis to my arms.

Hippomanes, a plant Arcadia bears,
Makes the colts mad, and stimulates the mares,
O'er hills, thro' streams they rage: O, could I see
Young Delphis thus run madding after me,
And quit the fam'd Palæstra!—O, my charms!
Restore false Delphis to my longing arms.

This garment's fringe, which Delphis wont to wear, To burn in flames I into tatters tear.

Ah, cruel, Love! that my best life-blood drains
From my pale limbs, and empties all my veins,
As leeches suck young steeds—Restore, my charms,
My lingering Delphis to my longing arms.

A lizard bruis'd shall make a potent bowl, And charm, to-morrow, his obdurate soul Meanwhile this potion on his threshold spill, Where, though despis'd, my soul inhabits still; No kindness he nor pity will repay;
Spit on the threshold, Thestylis, and say,
'Thus Delphis' bones I strew'—Restore, my charms,
The dear, deluding Delphis to my arms,

She's gone, and now alas! I'm left alone! But how shall I my sorrow's cause bemoan? My ill-requited passion, how bewail? And where begin the melancholy tale?

When fair Anaxa at Diana's fane
Her offering paid, and left the Virgin train,
Me warmly she requested, breathing love,
At Dian's feast to meet her in the grove:
Where savage beasts, in howling deserts bred,
(And with them a gaunt lioness) were led
To grace the solemn honours of the day—

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say—Theucarila's kind nurse, who lately died,
Begg'd I would go, and she would be my guide;
Alas! their importunity prevail'd,
And my kind stars, and better genius fail'd;
I went adorn'd in Clearista's clothes—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose-

Soon as where Lyco's mansion stands I came,
Delphis the lovely author of my flame
I saw with Eudamippus, from the crowd
Distinguish'd, for like helichrysus glow'd
The gold down on their chins, their bosoms far
Outshone the moon, and every splendid star;
For lately had they left the field of fame—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame—O, how I gaz'd! what ecstacies begun
To fire my soul? I sigh'd, and was undone:
The pompous show no longer could surprize,
No longer beauty sparkled in my eyes:
Home I return'd, but knew not how I came;
My head disorder'd, and my heart on flame:
Ten tedious days and nights sore sick I lay—

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe say—Soon from my cheeks the crimson colour fled,
And my fair tresses perish'd on my head:
Forlorn I liv'd, of body quite bereft,
For bones and skin were all that I had left:
All charms I tried, to each enchantress round
I sought; alas! no remedy I found:
Time wing'd his way, but not to sooth my woes—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose-

Till to my maid, opprest with fear and shame, I told the secret of my growing flame;

- ' Dear Thestylis, thy healing aid impart-
- ' The love of Delphis has engross'd my heart.
- ' He in the school of exercise delights,
- ' Athletic labours, and heroic fights;
- ' And oft he enters on the lists of fame-

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame—
'Haste thither, and the hint in private give,
'Say that I sent you—tell him where I live.'
She heard, she flew, she found the youth I sought,
And all in secret to my arms she brought.
Soon at my gate his nimble foot I heard,
Soon to my eyes his lovely form appear'd;
Ye Gods! how blest my Delphis to survey!

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say—Cold as the snow my freezing limbs were chill'd, Like southern vapours from my brow distill'd The dewy damps; faint tremors seiz'd my tongue, And on my lips the faultering accents hung; As when from babes imperfect accents fall, When murmuring in their dreams they on their mothers call.

Senseless I stood, nor could my mind disclose-

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose-

My strange surprize he saw, then prest the bed, Fix'd on the ground his eyes, and thus he said;

- ' Me, dear Simæthea, you have much surpast,
- ' As when I ran with young Philinus last
- 'I far out-stript him, though he bravely strove;
- ' But you have all prevented me with love;
- ' Welcome as day your kind appointment came-

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame-

- ' Yes, I had come, by all the Powers above,
- ' Or, rather let me swear by mighty Love,
- 'Unsent for I had come, to Venus true,
- 'This night attended by a chosen few,
- ' With apples to present you, and my brows
- ' Adorn'd like Hercules, with poplar boughs,
- ' Wove in a wreath with purple ribbands gay-

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say-

- ' Had you receiv'd me, all had then been well,
- ' For I in swiftness and in form excell;
- ' And should have deem'd it no ignoble bliss
- 'The roses of your balmy lips to kiss:
- ' Had you refus'd me, and your doors been barr'd,
- ' With axe and torch I should have come prepar'd,
- Resolv'd with force resistance to oppose-

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose -

- ' And first to Beauty's Queen my thanks are due,
- ' Next, dear Simæthea, I'm in debt to you,
- 'Who by your maid, Love's gentle herald, prove
- ' My fair deliverer from the fires of Love:
- ' More raging fires than Ætna's waste my frame-

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame-Love from their beds enraptur'd virgins charms, ' And wives new-married from their husbands' arms.' He said, (alas, what frenzy seiz'd my mind!) Soft prest my hand, and on the couch reclin'd: Love kindled warmth as close embrac'd we lay, And sweetly whisper'd precious hours away. At length, O Moon! with mutual raptures fir'd, We both accomplish'd-what we both desir'd. E'er since no pause of love or bliss we knew, But wing'd with joy the feather'd minutes flew; Till yester morning, as the radiant sun His steeds had harness'd, and his course begun, Restoring fair Aurora from the main, I heard, alas! the cause of all my pain; Philista's mother told me, 'she knew well 'That Delphis lov'd, but whom she could not tell:

The marks are plain, he drinks his favourite toast,
Then hies him to the maid he values most:

'Besides, with garlands gay his house is crown'd:' All this she told me, which too true I found. He oft would see me twice or thrice a day, Then left some token that he would not stay Long from my arms; and now twelve days are past Since my fond eyes beheld the wanderer last-It must be so—'tis my unhappy lot Thus to be scorn'd, neglected and forgot. He wooes, no doubt, he wooes some happier maid-Meanwhile I'll call enchantment to my aid: And should he scorn me still, a charm I know Shall soon dispatch him to the shades below; So strong the bowl, so deadly is the draught; To me the secret an Assyrian taught. Now, Cynthia, drive your coursers to the main; Those ills I can't redress I must sustain. Farewell, dread Moon, for I have ceas'd my spell, And all ye stars, that rule by night, farewell.

EUNICA.

When lately I offer'd Eunica to kiss, She fleer'd, and she flouted, and took it amiss;

- 'Begone, you great booby,' she cry'd, with a frown,
- 'Do you think, that I long to be kiss'd by a clown?
- 'The sparks of the city my kisses esteem;
- 'Your never shall kiss me, no, not in a dream.
- ' How pleasing you look! and how gently you play!
- ' How soft is your voice! and what fine things you say!
- ' So neat is your beard, and so comely your hair!
- 'Your hands are so white, and your lips, a sweet pair!
- 'But on your dear person, I never shall doat;
- 'So pray keep your distance—you smell like a goat.'
 Thus spoke the pert hussy, and view'd me all round
 With an eye of disdain, and thrice spit on the ground,
 Look'd proud of her charms, with an insolent sneer,
 And sent me away with a flea in my ear.

My blood quickly boil'd in a violent pique,
And, red as a rose, passion glow'd on my cheek;
For it vex'd me, that thus in derision she jeer'd
My looks, and my voice, and my hair, and my beard.

But, am I not handsome, ye shepherds, say true? Or has any God alter'd my person anew?

For lately, on oaks like the ivy, with grace My hair and my beard added charms to my face: My eye-brows were sable, my forehead milk-white, And my eyes, like Minerva's, were azure and bright; My lips, sweet as cream, were with music replete, For from them flow'd sounds as the honey-comb sweet: My songs are enchanting; nor ought can exceed The tunes of my pipe, or the notes of my reed. The girls of the country, if they had their wills, Would kiss me, and press me to stay on the hills; For they say, that I'm fair: but this flirt of the town Refus'd my sweet kisses, and call'd me a clown. Alas! she forgot, or perhaps did not know, That Bacchus fed herds in the valley below; That Venus a swain lov'd with hearty good will, And help'd him his cattle to tend on the hill; Adonis, while living, in groves she ador'd, And dead, in the groves and on mountains deplor'd. If right my conjecture, Endymion, I ween, Like me too once tended his steers on the green; Yet the Moon in this neatherd took such a delight, That she met him at Latmos, and kiss'd him all night. Ev'n Cybele mourn'd for a herdsman; and Jove Snatch'd a boy from his herd to be waiter above.

But Eunica disdains me, nor lists to my vow; Is she better than Cynthia, or Cybele, trow?

Does she think that in bloom, and the beauty of face She is equal to Venus? if that be the case; May she never behold sweet Adonis again On the hill, in the vale, in the city or plain; And may the proud minx, for her crime to atone, If she can, sleep contented—but always alone!

THE FISHERMAN'S GOLDEN DREAM.

Need, Diophantus, ready wit imparts,
Is Labour's mistress, and the nurse of Arts:
Corroding cares the toiling wretch infest,
And spoil the peaceful tenor of his breast;
And if soft slumbers on his eye-lids creep,
Some cursed care steals in and murders sleep.

Two ancient fishers in a straw-thatcht shed,
Leaves were their walls, and sea-weed was their bed,
Reclin'd their weary limbs: hard by were laid
Baskets, and all their implements of trade,
Rods, hooks, and lines compos'd of stout horse-hairs,
And nets of various sorts, and various snares,
The seine, the cast-net, and the wicker maze,
To waste the watery tribes a thousand ways:

A crazy boat was drawn upon a plank;
Matts were their pillow, wove of osiers dank;
Skins, caps, and rugged coats a covering made:
This was their wealth, their labour, and their trade.
No pot to boil, no watch-dog to defend;
Yet blest they liv'd, with Penury their friend.
None visited their shed, save, every tide,
The wanton waves that wash'd its tottering side.
When half her course the Moon's bright car had sped,
Joint labour rouz'd the tenants of the shed.
The dews of slumber from their eyes they clear'd,
And thus their minds with pleasing parley cheer'd:

ASPHALION.

I hold, my friend, that trite opinion wrong,
That summer nights are short, when days are long.
Yes—I have seen a thousand dreams to-night,
And yet no morn appears, nor morning light:
Sure on my mind some strange illusions play,
And make short nights wear heavily away.

FRIEND.

Fair summer seasons you unjustly blame, Their bounds are equal, and their pace the same; But cares, Asphalion, in a busy throng, Break on your rest, and make the night seem long.

ASPHALION.

Say, hast thou genius to interpret right
My dream? I've had a jolly one to-night.
Thou shalt go halves, and more thou canst not wish,
We'll share the vision, as we share our fish.
I know thee shrewd, expert of dreams to spell;
He's the best judge who can conjecture well.
We've leisure time, which can't be better spent
By wretched carles in wave-wash'd cabin pent,
And lodg'd on leaves; yet why should we repine,
While living lights in Prytaneum shine?

FRIEND.

To thy fast friend each circumstance recite, And let me hear this vision of the night.

ASPHALION.

Last evening, weary with the toils of day,
Lull'd in the lap of rest secure I lay;
Full late we sup'd, and sparingly we eat;
No danger of a surfeit from our meat.
Methought I sat upon a shelfy steep,
And watch'd the fish that gambol'd in the deep:
Suspended by my rod, I gently shook
The bait fallacious, which a huge one took;
(Sleeping we image what awake we wish;
Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish)

Bent was my rod, and from his gills the blood, With crimson stream, distain'd the silver flood. I stretch'd my arm out, lest the line should break; The fish so vigorous, and my hook so weak! Anxious I gaz'd, he struggled to be gone; ' You're wounded-I'll be with you, friend, anon'-' Still do you teaze me?' for he plagued me sore; At last, quite spent, I drew him safe on shore, Then grasp'd him with my hand, for surer hold; A noble prize, a fish of solid gold! But fears suspicious in my bosom throng'd, Lest to the god of ocean he belong'd; Or, haply wandering in the azure main, Some favourite fish of Amphitrite's train. My prize I loos'd, and strictest caution took, For fear some gold might stick about the hook; Then safe secur'd him, and devoutly swore, Never to venture on the ocean more; But live on land as happy as a king: At this I wak'd: what think you of the thing! Speak free, for know, I am extremely loth, And greatly fear, to violate my oath.

FRIEND.

Fear not, old friend; you took no oath—for why? You took no fish—your vision's all a lie.

Go search the shoals, not sleeping, but awake, Hunger will soon discover your mistake; Catch real fish; you need not, sure, be told, Those fools must starve who only dream of gold.

THE DISTAFF.*

O distaff, friend to warp and woof, Minerva's gift in man's behoof, Whom careful housewifes still retain, And gather to their households gain; With me repair, no vulgar prize, Where the fam'd towers of Nileus rise, Where Cytherea's swayful power Is worship'd in the reedy bower. Thither, would Jove kind breezes send, I steer my course to meet my friend, Nicias, the Graces honour'd child, Adorn'd with sweet persuasion mild; That I his kindness may requite, May be delighted, and delight.

^{*} The subject of this poem is an Ivory Distaff, intended by the poet to be presented to Theugenis, the wife of his friend Nicias, to whom he has addressed the Idyllium on the Rape of Hylas.

Thee, ivory distaff, I provide, A present for his blooming bride. With her thou wilt sweet toil partake, And aid her various vests to make. For Theugenis the shepherds shear The sheep's soft fleeces twice a year. So dearly industry she loves, And all that wisdom points approves. I ne'er design'd to bear thee hence To the dull house of Indolence: For in that city thou wert fram'd Which Archias built, Corinthian fam'd, Fair Syracuse, Sicilia's pride, Where troops of famous men abide. Dwell thou with him whose art can cure Each dire disease that men endure: Thee to Miletus now I give, Where pleasure-crown'd Ionians live, That Theugenis by thee may gain Fair honour with the female train; And thou renew within her breast Remembrance of her muse-charm'd guest. Admiring thee, each maid will call The favour great, the present small; For love the smallest gift commends, All things are valued by our friends.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN.

W_{HEN} Sparta's monarch, Menelaus, led The beauteous Helen to his bridal bed, Twelve noble virgins, blooming, young and fair, With hyacinthine wreaths adorn'd their hair, And, pleas'd, the vocal benison to shower, To the soft cithern danc'd before the bower; As bounding light in circling steps they move, Their feet beat time, and every heart beat love: This was the nuptial song- Why, happy groom, Steal you thus early to the genial room? Has sleep or wine your manly limbs opprest, That thus, thus soon you seek the bed of rest? If drowzy slumbers lull you to a drone, Go take refreshing sleep, but sleep alone; Leave Helen with her maiden mates, to play At harmless pastimes till the dawn of day; This night we claim, then yield her yours for life, From morn to night, from year to year, your wife. Hail happy prince! whom Venus wafted o'er, With prosperous omens, to the Spartan shore; To bless her bed, from all the princely crowd, Fair Helen chose you-Cupid sneez'd aloud. Of all our demigods 'tis you aspire, Alone, to call Saturnian Jove your sire:

Jove's daughter now your warm embraces meets, The pride of Greece, between two lily sheets. Sure will the offspring, from that soft caress, The mother's charms in miniature express. Thrice eighty virgins of the Spartan race, Her equals we in years, but not in face, Our limbs diffusing with ambrosial oil, Were wont on smooth Eurota's banks to toil In manly sports; and though each nymph was fair, None could with her in beauty's charms compare: When Winter thus in night no longer lours, And Spring is usher'd by the blooming Hours, The rising morning, with her radiant eyes, Salutes the world, and brightens all the skies. So shines fair Helen, by the Graces drest, In face, shape, size, superior to the rest: As corn the fields, as pines the garden grace, As steeds of Thessaly the chariot-race; So Helen's beauties bright encomiums claim, And beam forth honour on the Spartan name. What nymph can rival Helen at the loom, And make fair art, like living nature bloom? The blended tints, in sweet proportion join'd, Express the soft ideas of her mind. What nymph, like her, of all the tuneful quire, Can raise the voice, or animate the lyre?

Whether of Pallas, great in arms, she sings, Or Dian bathing in the silver springs. A thousand little Loves in ambush lie. And shoot their arrows from her beaming eye. O lovely Helen, whom all hearts adore, A matron now you rise, a maid no more! Yet ere another sun shall guild the morn, We'll gather flowers, your temples to adorn, Ambrosial flowers, as o'er the meads we stray, And frequent sigh that Helen is away; Mindful of Helen still, as unwean'd lambs Rove round the pastures, bleating for their dams; Fair flowers of lote we'll cull, that sweetly breathe, And on you spreading plane suspend the wreath. But first from silver shells shall unguents flow, Bedew the spreading plane, and all the flowers below: And on the rind we'll write, that all may see, ' Here pay your honours, I am Helen's tree.' Joy to the bride, and to the bridegroom joy, And may Latona bless you with a boy! May Venus furnish both with equal love! And lasting riches be the gift of Jove! May these descend, and by possession grow, From sire to son, augmenting as they flow!

Now sweetly slumber, mutual love inspire, And gratify the fulness of desire: Rise with the blushing morning, nor forget
The due of Venus, and discharge the debt:
And, ere the day's loud herald has begun
To speak his early prologue to the sun,
Again we'll greet your joys with cheerful voice,
O Hymen, Hymen, at this match rejoice!

TO HIERO, KING OF SICILY.*

It fits the Muse's tongue, the poet's pen,
To praise th' immortal gods, and famous men:
The Nine are deities and gods resound,
But bards are men, and sing of men renown'd.
Yet who that lives beneath heaven's cope, regards
The inceuse, or the sacrifice of bards?
Who opens now the hospitable door,
And makes the Muses richer than before?

* The subject of this Idyllium is the Complaint of the Poet at the neglect shewn to the Sons of the Muses. Hiero, though a prince whose character was signalized by many noble qualities, does not appear to have had any very great affection for men of letters, on which account Theocritus quitted his court for that of I'tolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, whose encomium is the subject of the following Idyllium.

Barefoot, unpaid, indignant they return, Reproach my zeal, and unavailing mourn: To the dark chest their labours they consign, And on cold knees the languid head recline; For none, alas! the race of men among, Receives the bard, or hears his lofty song; Men thirst not now for glory, as of old, But all their passions are confin'd to gold; To their mean breasts their thrifty hands they join, And scarce will give the canker of their coin, Hint at a recompence, they thus begin; 'Close is my shirt, but closer is my skin: ' My own I'll keep; and may the gods reward, ' And crown with honours every living bard. ' Homer's the prince of poets-sure 'tis sense, 'To read the noblest works, at no expence.' What profit, wretched churls, can gold afford, Which thus in coffers ye abundant hoard? The wise a different use for riches know, And love on men of genius to bestow; Part on themselves, to others part they spare, And some their friends, and some their kinsmen share: To every man their bounty shines display'd, And yet the offerings of the gods are paid. With prudent hospitality they spend, And kindly greeting speed the parting friend.

But most the Muses' sons these honours claim, Whose deathless lays immortalize their fame; Then will they never rove, inglorious shades, (Like those who living labour'd with their spades) Along cold Acheron's infernal river, And mourn hereditary want for ever. Aleua and Antiochus, we're told. Reign'd rich, and mighty potentates of old, And to a thousand slaves, their menial train, In lots distributed the monthly grain: In Scopas' fields unnumber'd heifers fed, And bulls that proudly toss'd the rough-horn'd head: For good Creondas' use the shepherd-swains Fed flocks in myriads on Cranonian plains: These after death their sweet enjoyments lost, When in hell's spacious barge their ghosts had crost Th' infernal river, and unhonour'd all, To other heirs their vast possessions fall; And these among the miserable train Had long in darkness and oblivion lain, Had not the Céan muse extoll'd their name. Awak'd his sounding lyre, and giv'n them deathless fame. Verse crowns the race-horse with fair honour's meed, That in the field has signaliz'd his speed. Who had the Lycian chiefs, and Trojan known, Or Cycnus, delicate with milk-white crown,

Had not the Bard delighted to rehearse
Their bold achievements in heroic verse?
Ulysses ne'er had endless glory gain'd,
Though for ten tedious summers he sustain'd
Unnumber'd toils, while he observant stray'd
From clime to clime, and men and states survey'd;
Ev'n though he scap'd the Cyclops' gloomy cell,
And quick descended to the realms of hell:
Philætius and Eumæus with the dead
Had lain as nameless as the beasts they fed;
And brave Laertes with his parting breath
Had dy'd, but Homer snatch'd their names from death.

All human fame is by the Muses spread,
And heirs consume the riches of the dead.
Yet 'tis an easier task, when tempests roar,
To count the waves that ceaseless lash the shore,
'Tis easier far to bleach the Ethiop foul,
Than turn the tenor of the miser's soul.
Curse on the wretch, that thus augments his store!
And much possessing, may he wish for more!
I still prefer fair fame, with better sense,
And, more than riches, men's benevolence.
And yet, alas! what guardian shall I chuse,
What princely chief to patronize my muse?
In perilous paths the race of poets rove,
Dubious their fate, without the aid of Jove.

But still the sun rolls glorious in the skies; And future victors in the race will rise: The chief will rise, who shall my numbers claim Equal to great Æacides in fame, Equal to Ajax on the Phrygian plains, Where Ilus' tomb near Simois' streams remains. The bold Phænicians, sons of Libya far, Shrink at the rumour of approaching war: For lo! their spears the Syracusians wield, And bend the pliant sallow to a shield: These Hiero leads, superior to the rest, And on his helmet nods the horse-hair crest. O Jupiter, and thou Minerva chaste, And Proserpine, to our protection haste, With Ceres thou delightest to partake Those fair built walls by Lysimelia's lake; Oh, may the Fates, in pity to our woes, On the Sardonian main disperse our foes! And let the few that reach their country, tell The wives and children how their fathers fell! And let the natives dwell in peace and rest In all the cities which the foes possest! May swains, along the pastures, fat and fair, In flocks of thousands tend their bleating care! And lowing herds, returning to the stall, Wind o'er the plain, as slow as foot can fall!

May the crops flourish, and with feeble voice, On leafy shrubs the grasshoppers rejoice! While spiders stretch their webs along the shore, And war's dread name be never mentioned more! May godlike poets, in undying strain, Bear Hiero's praise beyond the Scythian main, Beyond the walls, with black bitumen made, Where proud Semiramis the sceptre sway'd! I am but one; Jove's daughters fair regard With sweetest favour many a living bard; These shall Sicilian Arethusa sing, The happy people, and the valiant king. Ye Graces Eteoclean, who reside Where Minyas, curst by Thebans, rolls his tide, Unask'd I'll rest; yet not, if call'd, refuse With you to bring my sweet associate muse: Without you, what to men can pleasures give? Oh! may I ever with the Graces live!

THE ENCOMIUM OF PTOLEMY.*

With Jove begin, ye Nine, and end with Jove, Whene'er ye praise the greatest God above:

^{*} The poet has here chosen a splendid theme for his Muse. Ptolemy Philadelphus was the son of Ptolemy Lagus and Berenice: he succeeded his father on the throne of Egypt, about

But if of noblest men the song ye cast, Let Ptolemy be first, and midst, and last. Heroes of old, from demigods that sprung, Chose lofty poets who their actions sung:

285 years before the Christian era. During the whole of his reign he was employed in exciting industry, and in encouraging the liberal arts and useful knowledge among his subjects. The inhabitants of the adjacent countries were allured by promises and presents to encrease the number of the Egyptian sub-. jects, and Ptolemy could boast of reigning over 33,339 well peopled cities. He gave every possible encouragement to commerce, and by keeping two powerful fleets, one in the Mediterranean, and the other in the Red Sea, he made Egypt the mart of the world. His army consisted of 200,000 foot, 40,000 horse, besides 300 elephants and 2000 armed chariots. With justice, therefore, he has been called the richest of all the princes and monarchs of his age, and indeed the remark is not false when it is observed, that at his death he left in his treasury 750,000 Egyptian talents, a sum equivalent to two hundred millions sterling. His palace was the asylum of learned men, whom he admired and patronised. He paid particular attention to Euclid, Theocritus, Callimachus, and Lycophron, and by increasing the library which his father had founded, he shewed his taste for learning, and his wish to encourage genius. This celebrated library, at his death, contained 200,000 volumes of the best and choicest books, and it was afterwards encreased to 700,000 volumes. We are indebted to him for the Greek translation of the Scriptures, called the Septuagint, because translated by the labours of seventy different persons.

Lempriere's Classical Dictionary,

Well skill'd, I tune to Ptolemy my reed; Hymns are of gods above the honour'd meed. To Ida, when the woodman winds his way, Where verdant pines their towering tops display, Doubtful he stands, with undetermin'd look, Where first to deal the meditated stroke: And where shall I commence? new themes arise, Deeds that exalt his glory to the skies. If from his fathers we commence the plan, Lagus, how great, how excellent a man! Who to no earthly potentate would yield For wisdom at the board, or valour in the field: Him with the gods Jove equals, and has given A golden palace in the realms of heaven: Near him sits Alexander, brave and great, The fell destroyer of the Persian state. Against them, thron'd in adamant, in view Alcides, who the Cretan monster slew, Reclines, and, as with Gods the feast he shares, Glories to meet his own descendant heirs. From age and pain's impediments repriev'd, And in the rank of deities receiv'd. For in his line are both these heroes class'd. And both deriv'd from Hercules the last. Thence, when the nectar'd bowl his love inspires, And to the blooming Hebe he retires,

To this his bow and quiver he allots,
To that his iron club, distinct with knots;
Thus Jove's great son is by his offspring led
To silver-footed Hebe's rosy bed.

How Berenice shone! her parents pride; Virtue her aim, and wisdom was her guide: Sure Venus with light touch her bosom prest, Infusing in her soft ambrosial breast Pure, constant love: hence faithful records tell. No monarch ever lov'd his queen so well; No queen with such undying passion burn'd, For more than equal fondness she return'd, Whene'er to love the chief his mind unbends, To his son's care the kingdom he commends. Unfaithful wives, dissatisfied at home, Let their wild thoughts on joys forbidden roam: Their births are known, yet of a numerous race, None shows the features of the father's face. Venus, than all the goddesses more fair, The lovely Berenice was thy care; To thee 'twas owing, gentle, kind and good, She past nor Acheron's woe-working flood. Thou caught'st her ere she went where spectres dwell. Or Charon, the grim ferryman of hell; And in thy temple plac'd the royal fair, Thine own high honour's privilege to share.

Thence gentle love in mortals she inspires, And soft solicitudes, and sweet desires. The fair Deïpyle to Tydeus bare Stern Diomed, the thunderbolt of war: And Thetis, goddess of the azure wave, To Peleus brought Achilles, bold and brave: But Berenice nobler praise hath won, Who bore great Ptolemy as great a son: And sea-girt Cos receiv'd thee soon as born, When first thine eyes beheld the radiant morn. For there thy mother to Lucina pray'd, Who sends, to those that suffer child-bed, aid. She came, and friendly to the genial bed, A placid, sweet tranquillity she shed O'er all her limbs; and thus serene and mild, Like his lov'd sire, was born the lovely child. Cos saw, and fondling in her arms the boy, Thus spoke, transported, with the voice of joy;

- Quick rise to light, auspicious babe be born!
- ' And me with equal dignity adorn
- ' As Phœbus Delos: on fam'd Triops' brow,
- ' And on the neighbouring Dorian race bestow
- ' Just honours, and as favourably smile,
- 'As the god views with joy Rhenæa's fertile isle.'
 The island spoke; and thrice the bird of Jove

His pinions clang'd, resounding from above;

Jove's omen thunder'd from his eagle's wings; Jove loves and honours venerable kings.

But whom in infancy his care befriends,
Him power, and wealth, and happiness attends:
He rules belov'd unbounded tracts of land,
And various oceans roll at his command,
Unnumber'd nations view their happy plains,
Fresh fertiliz'd by Jove's prolific rains:
But none, like Egypt, can such plenty boast,
When genial Nile o'erflows the humid coast:*

There cannot be a more delightful prospect than the Nile affords at two seasons of the year; for if you ascend some mountain, or one of the great pyramids of Grand Cairo, about the months of July and August you behold a vast sea, in which a prodigious number of towns, villages, turrets, and spires appear, like the isles in the Ægean sea, with causeways leading from place to place, intermixed with groves and fruit-trees, whose tops only are visible; this view is terminated by mountains and woods, which, at a distance, form the most agreeable perspective that can be imagined. But in the winter, that is, in the months of January and February, the whole country is like one continued scene of beautiful meadows, enamelled with all kinds of flowers: you see on every side herds and flocks scattered over the plain, with infinite numbers of husbandmen and gardeners: the air is then embalmed by the great quantity of blossoms on the orange, lemon, and other trees; and is so pure, that a wholesomer and more agreeable is not to be found in the

No realm for numerous cities thus renown'd, Where arts and fam'd artificers abound: Three times ten thousand towery towns obey Illustrious Ptolemy's pacific sway. He o'er Phœnicia, Syria, Libya, reigns, Arabian deserts, Ethiopian plains, Pamphylians, and Cilicians bold in war, And Carians brave, and Lycians fam'd afar; The distant Cyclades confess his reign, Whose fleets assert the empire of the main; So far his ships their conquering flags display, Him seas, and lands, and sounding floods obey. Horsemen and spearmen guard the monarch round, Their arms resplendent send a brazen sound; Such tributes daily aggrandize his store, No king e'er own'd such boundless wealth before. His peaceful subjects ply at ease their toil, No foes invade the fertile banks of Nile, Nor pitch their camps along the peaceful plains, With war to terrify the village swains: No pirates haunt the shore in quest of prey, Nor bear by stealth the lowing herds away;

world: so that nature, which is then as it were dead in so many other climates, seems to revive only for the sake of so delightful an abode.—Rollin's Ant. Hist.

For graceful Ptolemy renown'd in arms, Guards his extended plains from hostile harms. Like a wise king, the conquests of his sire He knows to keep, and new ones to acquire. And yet he hoards not up his useless store, Like ants still labouring, still amassing more; The holy shrines and temples are his care, For they the first-fruits of his favour share: To mighty kings his bounties he extends, To states confederate, and illustrious friends. No bard at Bacchus' festival appears, Whose lyre has power to charm the ravish'd ears, But he bright honours and rewards imparts, Due to his merits, equal to his arts: And poets hence, for deathless song renown'd, The generous fame of Ptolemy resound. At what more glorious can the wealthy aim, Than thus to purchase fair and lasting fame? The great Atridæ this alone enjoy, While all the wealth and spoil of plunder'd Troy, That scap'd the raging flame, or whelming wave, Lies buried in oblivion's greedy grave. Close trode great Ptolemy, at virtue's call, His father's footsteps, but surpast them all. He rear'd the fragrant temple, and the shrine, And to his parents offer'd rites divine;

Whose forms in gold and ivory are design'd, And worship'd as the guardians of mankind. There oft as circling moons divide the year, On the red altar bleeds the fatten'd steer; His hands the thighs for holy flames divide, Fair blooms the lov'd Arsinoë at his side; Than whom no nobler queen of mortal race, A greater prince detains in fond embrace: And, as kind nature the soft tye approves, Dearly the brother and the husband loves. Such are the nuptials in the blest abodes, And such the union of immortal gods: Iris, who still retains her virgin bloom, Whose radiant fingers breathe divine perfume, For Jove prepares the bed, where at his side Fair Juno sleeps, his sister and his bride. Hail, noble Ptolemy! illustrious king! Thee peer to mighty démigods I'll sing; And future ages shall the verse approve: Hail! and fair virtue only ask of Jove.

THE YOUNG HERCULES.

Wash'd with pure water, and with milk well fed, To pleasing rest her sons Alcmena led, Alcides, ten months old, yet arm'd with might, And twin Iphiclus, younger by a night:
On a broad shield of fine brass metal made,
The careful queen her royal offspring laid;
(The shield from Pterilus Amphitryon won
In fight, a noble cradle for his son!)
Fondly the babes she view'd, and on each head
She plac'd her tender hands, and thus she said:

- ' Sleep, gentle babes, and sweetly take your rest,
- 'Sleep, dearest twins, with softest slumbers blest;
- 'Securely pass the tedious night away,
 And rise refresh'd with the fair-rising day.'

She spoke, and gently rock'd the mighty shield;
Obsequious slumbers soon their eye-lids seal'd.
But when at midnight sunk the bright-ey'd Bear,
And broad Orion's shoulder 'gan appear;
Stern Juno, urg'd by unrelenting hate,
Sent two fell serpents to Amphitryon's gate,
Charg'd with severe commission to destroy
The young Alcides, Jove-begotten boy:
Horrid and hue, with many an azure fold,
Fierce through the portal's opening valves they roll'd;
Then on their bellies prone, high swoln with gore,
They glided smooth along the marble floor:
Their fiery eye-balls darted sanguine flame,
And from their jaws destructive poison came.

Alcmena's sons, when near the serpents prest, Darting their forked tongues, awoke from rest; All o'er the chamber shone a sudden light, For all is clear to Jove's discerning sight. When on the shield his foes Iphiclus saw, And their dire fangs that arm'd each horrid jaw, Aghast he rais'd his voice with bitter cry, Threw off the covering, and prepar'd to fly: But Hercules stretch'd out his arms to clasp The scaly monsters in his iron grasp; Fast in each hand the venom'd jaws he prest Of the curst serpents, which ev'n gods detest. Their circling spires, in many a dreadful fold, Around the slow-begotten babe they roll'd, The babe unwean'd, yet ignorant of fear, Who never utter'd cry, nor shed a tear. At length their curls they loos'd, for rack'd with pain They strove to 'scape the deathful gripe in vain. Alcmena first o'er-heard the mournful cries. And to her husband thus: 'Amphitryon, rise;

- ' Distressful fears my boding soul dismay;
- 'This instant rise, nor for thy sandals stay:
- ' Hark, how for help the young Iphiclus calls!
- · A sudden splendor, lo! illumes the walls!
- · Though yet the shades of night obscure the skies;
- Some dire disaster threats; Amphitryon, rise.'

She spoke; the prince obedient to her word, Rose from the bed, and seiz'd his rich-wrought sword, Which, on a glittering nail above his head, Hung by the baldrick to the cedar bed. Then from the radiant sheath, of lotos made, With ready hand he drew the shining blade; Instant the light withdrew, and sudden gloom Involv'd again the wide extended room: Amphitryon call'd his train that slumbering lay, And slept secure the careless hours away. 'Rise, rise, my servants, from your couches strait, ' Bring lights this instant, and unbar the gate.' He spoke; the train obedient to command, Appear'd with each a flambeau in his hand; Rapt with amaze, young Hercules they saw Grasp two fell serpents close beneath the jaw: The mighty infant show'd them to his sire, And smil'd to see the wreathing snakes expire; He leap'd for joy that thus his foes he slew, And at his father's feet the scaly monsters threw. With tender care Alcmena fondly prest, Half-dead with fear, Iphiclus to her breast, While o'er his mighty son Amphitryon spread The lamb's soft fleece, and sought again his bed.

THE THALYSIAN FESTIVAL.

When Eucritus and I, with one consent,
Join'd by Amyntas, from the city went,
And in our progress, meditating slow,
March'd where the waters of Halenta flow:
Antigenes and Phrasidamus, (names
Renown'd afar, for each bright honour claims)
The sons of Lycopéus, at the shrine
Of fruitful Ceres offer'd rites divine:
In their rich veins the blood divinely roll'd
Of Clytia virtuous, and of Chalcon bold;
Chalcon, supreme of Cos, at whose command
The Burine fountain flow'd, and fertiliz'd the land:
Near it tall elms their amorous arms inwove
With poplars pale, and form'd a shady grove.

Scarce had we measur'd half our destin'd way, Nor could the tomb of Brasilas survey; When, travelling on the road, we chanc'd to meet The tuneful goatherd, Lycidas, of Crete; His very looks confest his trade; you'd swear The man a goatherd by his gait and air:

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In his right hand, of rough wild-olive made, A rustic crook his steps securely stay'd; A smile serenely cheer'd his gentle look, And thus, with pleasure in his eye, he spoke:

'Whither, Simichidas, so fast away,

- Now when meridian beams inflame the day?
- ' Say, does the proffer'd feast your haste excite,
- · Or to the wine-press some old friend invite?
- ' For such your speed, the pebbles on the ground,
- Dash'd by your clogs, at every step resound!'

"We go great Ceres' festival to share;
Our honour'd friends the sacred rites prepare:
To her they bring the first fruit of their store,
For with abundance she has blest their floor.
But since, my friend, we steer one common way,
And share the common blessings of the day,
Let us, as thus we gently pace along,
Divert the journey with bucolic song."

I sung: he view'd me with a smiling look:
And for my song presented me his crook:
Then to the left he turn'd, through flowery meads,
The winding path-way that to Pyxa leads;

While with my friends I took the right-hand road, Where Phrasidamus makes his sweet abode; Who courteous bad us on soft beds recline Of lentisk, and young branches of the vine; Poplars and elms above, their foliage spread, Lent a cool shade, and wav'd the breezy head; Below, a stream, from the Nymphs' sacred cave, In free meanders led its murmuring wave: In the warm sun-beams, verdant shrubs among, Shrill grasshoppers renew'd their plaintive song: At distance far, conceal'd in shades, alone, Sweet Philomela pour'd her tuneful moan: The lark, the goldfinch, warbled lays of love, And sweetly pensive coo'd the turtle dove: While honey-bees, for ever on the wing, Humm'd round the flowers, or sipt the silver spring. The rich, ripe season gratified the sense With summer's sweets, and autumn's redolence, Apples and pears lay strew'd in heaps around, And the plum's loaded branches kiss'd the ground. Wine flow'd abundant from capacious tuns, Matur'd divinely by four summer's suns, Say, nymphs of Castaly! for ye can tell, Who on the summit of Parnassus dwell. Did Chiron e'er to Hercules produce In Pholus' cave such bowls of generous juice?

Did Polypheme, who from the mountain's steep Hurl'd rocks at vessels sailing on the deep, E'er drain the goblet with such nectar crown'd, Nectar that nimbly made the Cyclops bound, As then, ye Nymphs! at Ceres' holy shrine Ye mix'd the milk, the honey, and the wine. O may I prove once more that happy man In her large heaps to fix the purging fan!

And may the goddess smile serene and bland, While ears of corn, and poppies grace her hand.

THE COMBAT OF AMYCUS AND POLLUX.

When Argo reach'd (Cyane's islands past)
Cold Pontus harrass'd by the northern blast,
Soon to Bebrycia, with the sons of fame,
A freight of chiefs and demigods, she came.
Forth from her sides, the country to explore,
The crew descended to the breezy shore:
On the dry beach they raised the leafy bed,
The fires they kindled, and the tables spread.

Meanwhile the royal Brothers devious stray'd Far from the shore, and sought the cooling shade.

Hard by, a hill with waving forests crown'd, Their eyes attracted; in the dale they found A spring perennial in a rocky cave, Full to the margin flow'd the lucid wave: Below small fountains gush'd, and, murmuring near, Sparkled like silver and as crystal clear: Above tall pines and poplars quivering play'd, And planes and cypress in dark green array'd: Around balm-breathing flowers of every hue, The bee's ambrosia, in the meadows grew. There sat a chief, tremendous to the eye, His couch the rock, his canopy the sky; The gauntlet's strokes, his cheeks and ears around, Had mark'd his face with many a desperate wound. Round as a globe and prominent his chest, Broad was his back, but broader was his breast: Firm was his flesh, with iron sinews fraught, Like some Colossus on an anvil wrought. As rocks, that in the rapid streams abound, Are wash'd by rolling torrents smooth and round, The ridges rise, in crystal streams beheld: So on his brawny arms the rising muscles swell'd. A lion's spoils around his loins he draws, Beneath his chin suspended by the paws: Victorious Pollux, with attentive look, View'd, and complacent, thus the chief bespoke:

POLLUX.

Peace, gentle friend! to wandering strangers tell What tribes, what nations in these regions dwell?

AMYCUS.

What peace to me, while on my native shore, I see strange guests I never saw before?

POLLUX.

Fear not; no foes, nor mean of birth are here.

AMYCUS.

Thou hast no cause to bid me not to fear.

POLLUX.

Rude are your words, and wrongfully apply'd, Your manners fierce, your bosom swoln with pride.

AMYCUS.

Thou sees't me as I am: these lands are mine; I never yet have troubled thee on thine.

POLLUX.

Whene'er you come, you will a welcome find, And presents, as befits a liberal mind.

AMYCUS.

Nor I thy welcome, nor thy gifts partake; I give no welcome, and no presents make.

POLLUX.

May I not taste the stream that murmurs by?

I'll solve that question when thy throat is dry.

POLLUX.

Will gold, or other bribe the purchase gain?

Nought but to prove thy prowess on the plain; Stand forth; let man oppos'd to man provoke, With gauntlet-guarded arm, th' impending stroke; Eye meeting eye, exert thy utmost might,. By feint or force to triumph in the fight.

POLLUX.

Whom must I fight? mine adversary who?

Thou sees't thy match, no despicable foe.

But what reward shall the stout victor have?

The conquer'd man shall be the conqueror's slave.

This is cock's play, and such the terms severe In fight of scarlet-crested chanticleer.

AMYCUS.

Or be it cock's, or be it lion's play, These are the fix'd conditions of the fray.

This said, his hollow conch he instant blew, Quick through the coast the sounds alarming flew; The signal rouz'd the stout Bebrycian train, Who join'd their chief beneath the shady plane.

Illustrious Castor from the neighbouring strand, Call'd to the conflict Argo's chosen band. Meanwhile the combatants, of mind elate, Drew on their hands the dreadful gloves of fate; The leathern thongs, that brac'd their shoulders round, Firm to their arms the ponderous gauntlets bound. Amid the circle now the champions stood, Breathing revenge, and vehement for blood. Studious each strove the piercing light to shun, And on his shoulders catch the gleaming sun: You call'd, O Pollux, prudence to your aid; In Amycus his eyes the solar splendors play'd. This did th' enormous chieftain's rage provoke To strike at once some death-denouncing stroke; But watchful Pollux dealt a weighty blow Full on the cheek of his advancing foe: Incens'd, more ardent to the fight he came, And forward bent to take the surer aim. Through the Bebrycian band loud clamours run; Nor less the Greeks encourag'd Leda's son. Yet rising fears their generous breasts appal, Lest on their friend the bulk of Amycus should fall: Vain fears! for with both hands brave Pollux ply'd His furious blows, and storm'd on every side; The quick repeated strokes his rival stun, And curb the force of Neptune's lawless son.

Giddy with blows the tottering hero stood, And from his mouth discharg'd the purple blood. Loud shouted the Greek warriors when they saw Bebrycia's champion's batter'd cheeks and jaw. His eyes, within their sockets deep impell'd, Seem'd lessen'd, and his bruised visage swell'd. Still the prince ply'd his mighty rival hard, And feintful soon surpriz'd him off his guard; And as he stagger'd, full upon his brow With all his force he drove the furious blow, And mash'd his front; the giant with the wound Fell flat, and stretch'd his bulk unwieldy on the ground. But soon his vigour and his strength return'd, He rose, and then again the battle burn'd: With iron hands their hollow sides they pound, And deal vindictive many a desperate wound. Fierce on his foe Bebrycia's monarch prest, And made rude onsets on his neck and breast: But Jove's unconquer'd son far better sped, Who aim'd his thunder at his rival's head. Fast down their limbs the sweat began to flow. And quickly lay the lofty champion low; Yet Pollux firmer stood, with nobler grace, And fresher was the colour of his face.

How Amycus, before Jove's offspring fell, Sing heaven-descended muse; for you can tell: Your mandates I implicitly obey,

And gladly follow where you lead the way.

Resolv'd by one bold stroke to win renown. He seiz'd on Pollux' left hand with his own; Then bent oblique to guard against a blow, And sped his right with vengeance on the foe; In hopes to strike his royal rival dead, Who scap'd the blow, declining back his head; Then Pollux aim'd his weighty stroke so well, Full on the crest of Amycus it fell, And gor'd his temples with an iron wound; The black blood issuing flow'd and trickled to the ground. Still with his left he maul'd his faltering foe, Whose mash'd teeth crackled with each boisterous blow; With strokes redoubled he deform'd his face: Bruis'd cheeks and jaws proclaim'd his foul disgrace. All on the ground he measur'd out his length, Stunn'd with hard thwacks, and destitute of strength; And, hands uprais'd, with death presaging mind, At once the fight and victory declin'd. Brave son of Jove, though you the conquest gain'd, With no base deed the glorious day you stain'd: The vanquish'd by his father Neptune swore, That he would never, never injure strangers more.

THE RAPE OF HYLAS.

Love, gentle Nicias, of celestial kind, For us alone sure never was design'd; Nor do the charms of beauty only sway Our mortal breasts, the beings of a day: Amphitryon's son was taught his power to feel, Though arm'd with iron breast, and heart of steel, Who slew the lion fell, lov'd Hylas fair, Young Hylas graceful with his curling hair. And, as a son by some wise parent taught, The love of virtue in his breast he wrought, By precept and example was his guide, A faithful friend, for ever at his side; Whether the morn return'd from Jove's high hall On snow-white steeds, or noontide mark'd the wall, Or night the plaintive chickens warn'd to rest, When careful mothers brood, and flutter o'er the nest: That, fully form'd and finish'd to his plan, Time soon might lead him to a perfect man. But when bold Jason, with the sons of Greece, Sail'd the salt seas to gain the golden fleece, The valiant chiefs from every city came, Renown'd for virtue, or heroic fame, With these assembled, for the host's relief, Alcmena's son, the toil-enduring chief.

Firm Argo bore him cross the yielding tide With his lov'd friend, young Hylas, at his side; Between Cyane's rocky isles she past, Now safely fix'd on firm foundations fast, Thence as an eagle swift, with prosperous gales She flew, and in deep Phasis furl'd her sails.

When first the pleasing Pleiades appear, And grass-green meads pronounc'd the summer near. Of chiefs a valiant band, the flower of Greece, Had plann'd the emprise of the golden fleece, In Argo lodg'd they spread their swelling sails, And soon past Hellespont with southern gales, And smooth Propontis, where the land appears Turn'd in straight furrows by Cyanean steers. With eve they land; some on the greensward spread Their hasty meal; some raise the spacious bed With plants and shrubs that in the meadows grow, Sweet flowering rushes, and cyperus low. In brazen vase fair Hylas went to bring Fresh fountain-water from the crystal spring For Hercules, and Telamon his guest; One board they spread, associates at the feast: Fast by, in lowly dale, a well he found Beset with plants, and various herbage round, Carulean celandine, bright maiden-hair, And parsley green, and bindweed flourished there.

Deep in the flood the dance fair Naiads led,
And kept strict vigils, to the rustic's dread,
Eunica, Malis form'd the festive ring,
And fair Nychéa, blooming as the spring:
When to the stream the hapless youth apply'd
His vase capacious to receive the tide,
The Naiads seiz'd his hand with frantic joy,
All were enamour'd of the Grecian boy;
He fell, he sunk; as from th' etherial plain
A flaming star falls headlong on the main;
The boatswain cries aloud, 'Unfurl your sails,
And spread the canvass to the rising gales.'
In vain the Naiads sooth'd the weeping boy,
And strove to lull him in their laps to joy.

But care and grief had mark'd Alcides' brow,
Fierce as a Scythian chief, he grasp'd his bow,
And his rough club, which well he could command,
The pride and terror of his red right hand:
On Hylas thrice he call'd with voice profound,
Thrice Hylas heard the unavailing sound;
From the deep well soft murmurs touch'd his ear,
The sound seem'd distant, though the voice was near.
As when the hungry lion hears a fawn
Distressful bleat on some far-distant lawn,
Fierce from his covert bolts the savage beast.
And speeds to riot on the ready feast.

Thus, anxious for the boy, Alcides takes His weary way through woods and pathless brakes; Ah wretched they that pine away for love! O'er hills he rang'd and many a devious grove. The bold adventurers blam'd the hero's stay, While long equipt the ready vessel lay; With anxious hearts they spread their sails by night, And wish'd his presence with the morning light: But he with frantic speed regardless stray'd, Love pierc'd his heart, and all the hero sway'd. Thus Hylas, honour'd with Alcides' love, Is number'd with the deities above, While to Amphitryon's son the heroes give This shameful term, 'The Argo's fugitive:' But soon on foot the chief to Colchos came, With deeds heroic to redeem his fame.

HERCULES THE LION SLAYER.

The good old herdsman laid his work aside, And thus complacent to the chief reply'd:*

* The beginning of this noble Idyllium is wanting in the original. Hercules, on his way to Elis, to wait upon Augéas, the cleansing of whose stables is fabled to have been one of the twelve labours imposed on this celebrated hero, meets with the

- ' Whate'er you ask, O stranger, I'll impart,
- ' Whate'er you wish, and with a cheerful heart;
- ' For much I venerate the son of May,
- ' Who stands revered in every public way:
- ' Those most he hates, of all the gods on high,
- 'Who the lone traveller's request deny.
 - 'The numerous flocks your eyes behold around,
- ' With which the vales are stor'd, the hills are crown'd,
- 'Augéas owns; o'er various walks they spread,
- ' In different meads, in different pastures fed;
- ' Some on the banks of Elisuntus stray,
- ' Some where divine Alphëus winds his way,
- ' Some in Buprasium, where rich wines abound,
- ' And some in this well-cultivated ground.
- · And though exceeding many flocks are told,
- 'Each separate flock enjoys a separate fold.
- ' Here, though of oxen numerous herds are seen,
- ' Yet springs the herbage ever fresh and green
- 'In the moist marsh of Menius: every mead,
- ' And vale irriguous, where the cattle feed,

herdsman here introduced, who is in the service of Augéas, and by whom he is conducted to the King, then in the country, visiting his numerous flocks and herds. He afterwards accompanies his son Phyleus into the city, and on the way thither, in answer to the prince's inquires, informs him of the manner in which he accomplished his victory over the Nemean Lion.

- ' Produce sweet herbs embalm'd in dewy tears,
- ' Whose fragrant virtue fattens well the steers.
- ' Behold that stall beyond the winding flood,
- Which to the right appears by yonder wood
- 'Where the wild olive, and perennial plane
- ' Grow, spread, and flourish, great Apollo's fane,
- ' To which the hinds, to which the shepherds bow,
- ' And deem him greatest deity below!
- · Next are the stalls of swains, whose labours bring
- ' Abundant riches to the wealthy king;
- ' Four times each year the fertile soil they plow,
- ' And gather thrice the harvests which they sow;
- 'The lab'ring hinds, whose hands the vineyards dress,
- Whose feet the grapes in purple autumn press,
- ' Know well the vast domain Augéas owns,
- ' Rich fields whose lap the golden ear imbrowns,
- ' Or shaded gardens, far as yonder hills,
- ' Whose brows are water'd by resplendent rills;
- ' This spacious tract we tend with daily care,
- 'As fits those swains who rural labours share.
 - 'But say, (and all my service you shall claim)
- ' Say for what cause you here a stranger came:
- · Would you the king or his attendants see?
- 'I can conduct you; only trust to me.
- · For such your form and such your manly grace,
- ' You seem deriv'd from no ignoble race:

- 'Sure thus the gods, that boast celestial birth,
- 'Appear majestic to the sons of earth.'

He spoke, and thus Jove's valiant son reply'd:

- ' My wandering steps let some kind shepherd guide
- 'To king Augéas, whom these realms obey;
- 'To see Augéas am I come this way.
- ' But if fair justice the good monarch draws
- 'To Elis, to administer the laws;
- ' Conduct me to some honourable swain.
- 'Who here presides among his rural train,
- 'That I to him my purpose may disclose,
- ' And follow what his prudence shall propose:
- 'For heaven's eternal wisdom has decreed.
 - 'That man of man should ever stand in need.'

Thus he; the good old herdsman thus reply'd:

- ' Sure some immortal being is your guide:
- ' For lo! your business is already done;
- ' Last night the king, descendant of the sun,
- With royal Phyleus, from the town withdrew,
- ' His flocks unnumber'd, and his herds to view.
- 'Thus when great kings their own concerns explore,
- ' By wise attention they augment their store.
- ' But let me quick, for time is on the wing,
- 'In yonder tent conduct you to the king.'

This said, he walk'd before his royal guest,
Much wondering, much revolving in his breast,
When at his back the lion's spoils he saw,
And in his hand the club infusing awe.
He wish'd to ask the hero, whence he sprung?
The rising query died upon his tongue:
He fear'd the freedom might be deem'd a fault:
'Tis difficult to know another's thought.

The watchful dogs, as near the stalls they went,
Perceiv'd their coming by their tread and scent,
With open mouths from every part they run,
And bay'd incessant great Amphitryon's son;
But round the swain they wagg'd their tails and play'd,
And gently whining secret joy betray'd.
Loose on the ground the stones that ready lay
Eager he snatch'd, and drove the dogs away;
With his rough voice he terrified them all,
Though pleas'd to find them guardians of his stall.
'Ye gods! (the good old herdsman thus began)

- What useful animals are dogs to man!
- . Had heav'n but sent intelligence to know
- 'On whom to rage, the friendly or the foe,
- ' No creature then could challenge honour more,
- But now too furious, and too fierce they roar.

He spoke; the growling mastives ceas'd to bay, And stole obsequious to their stalls away. The sun now westward drove his radiant steeds. And evening mild the noontide heat succeeds; His orb declining, from the pastures calls Sheep to their folds, and oxen to their stalls. Herd following herd, it joy'd the chief to see Unnumber'd cattle winding o'er the lea. Like watery clouds arising thick in heaven, By the rough South, or Thracian Boreas driven; So fast the shadowy vapours mount on high, They cover all the region of the sky; Still more and more the gathering tempest brings, And weightier burdens on its weary wings. Thus thickening march the cattle o'er the plain, More than the roads or meadows can contain, The lusty herds incessant bellowing keep, The stalls are fill'd with steers, the folds with sheep. Though numerous slaves stand round of every kind, All have their several offices assign'd. Some tie the cow's hind legs, to make her stand Still, and obedient to the milker's hand: Some give to tender calves the swelling teat, Their sides distend with milky beverage sweet. Some form fat cheeses with the housewife's art, Some drive the heifers from the bulls apart,

Augéas visited the stalls around, To see what stores in herds and flocks abound; With curious eye he mov'd majestic on, Join'd by Alcides, and his royal son. Here Hercules, of great and steady soul, Whom mean amazement never could controul, Admir'd such droves in myriads to behold, Such spreading flocks, that never could be told; Not one king's wealth he thought them, nor of ten, Though greatest of the rulers over men: The sun his sire this privilege assign'd, To be in flocks and herds more rich than all mankind: These still increas'd; no plague e'er render'd vain The gainful labour of the shepherd-swain; Year following year his industry was blest, More calves were rear'd, and still the last were best. No cows e'er cast their young, or e'er declin'd, The calves were chiefly of the female kind. With these three hundred bulls, a comely sight, Whose horns were crook'd, and whose legs were white; And twice an hundred of bright glossy red, By whom the business of increase was sped: But twelve, the flower of all, exulting run In the green pastures, sacred to the sun; The stately swan was not so silver white, And in the meads they took ineffable delight:

These, when gaunt lions from the mountain's brow Descend terrific on the herds below. Rush to the war, the savage foe they gore, Their eyes look death, and horribly they roar. But most majestic these bold bulls among, Stalk'd Phaëton, the sturdy and the strong; So radiant, so refulgent from afar, The shepherd-swains compar'd him to a star. When round the shoulders of the chief he spy'd, Alarming sight! the lion's tawny hide, Full at his flank he aim'd his iron head, And proudly doom'd the matchless hero dead: But watchful Hercules, devoid of fear, Seiz'd his left horn, and stopp'd his mad career; Prone to the earth his stubborn neck he prest, Then writh'd him round, and bruis'd his ample chest, At one bold push exerted all his strength, And high in air upheld him at arm's length. Through all the wondering train amazement ran, Silent they gaz'd, and thought him more than man.

Phyleus and Hercules (the day far spent)
Left the rich pastures, and to Elis went;
The footpath first, which tow'rd the city lay,
Led from the stalls, but narrow was the way;
Through vineyards next it past, and gloomy glades,
Hard to distinguish in the greenwood shades.

The devious way as noble Phyleus led,
To his right shoulder he inclin'd his head,
And slowly marching through the verdant grove,
Thus mild bespoke the progeny of Jove:

- ' By your last bold achievement it appears,
- ' Great chief, your fame long since has reach'd my ears.
- ' For here arriv'd a youthful Argive swain,
- ' From Helicé that borders on the main,
- ' Who for a truth among th' Epëans told,
- 'That late he saw a Grecian, brave and bold,
- ' Slay a fell lion, fell to husbandmen,
- 'That in the Nemean forest made his den:
- Whether the chief from sacred Argos came,
- Or proud Mycené, or Tirynthé claim
- ' His birth, I heard not; yet he trac'd his line,
- ' If true my tale, from Perseus the divine.
- ' No Greek but you could such a toil sustain;
- 'I reason from that mighty monster slain,
- ' A perilous encounter! whose rough hide
- ' Protects your shoulders, and adorns your side.
- · Say then, if you are he, the Grecian bold,
- 'Of whom the Argive's wond'rous tale was told:
- ' Say, what dread weapon drank the monster's blood,
- 'And how he wander'd to the Nemean wood.
- ' For not in Greece such savages are found,
- ' No beasts thus huge infest Achaian ground;

- She breeds the ravenous wolf, the bear, the boar,
 - ' Pernicious monsters! but she breeds no more.
 - Some wonder'd at accounts so strange and new,
- 'Thought the Greek boastful, and his tale untrue.'
- Thus Phyleus spoke, and as the path grew wide, He walk'd attentive by the hero's side,
- To hear distinct the toil-sustaining man,
- Who thus, obsequious to the prince, began:
 - 'Son of Augéas, what of me you heard
- Is strictly true, nor has the stranger err'd.
- But since you wish to know, my tongue shall tell,
- From whence the monster came, and how he fell:
- ' Though many Greeks have mention'd this affair,
- None can the truth with certainty declare.
- 'Tis thought some god, by vengeful anger sway'd,
- Sent this sore plague for sacrifice unpaid,
- 'To punish the Phoroneans; like a flood
- ' He delug'd the Pisæan fields with blood:
- 'The Bembinæans, miserable men,
- Felt his chief rage, the neighbours to his den.
- 'The hardy task, this hideous beast to kill,
- * Eurystheus first enjoin'd me to fulfil,
- But hop'd me slain: on the bold conflict bent,
- ' Arm'd to the field with bow and darts I went:
- ' A solid club, of rude wild olive made,
- * Rough in its rugged rind my right hand sway'd:

- ' On Helicon's fair hill the tree I found,
- ' And with the roots I wrench'd it from the ground.
- 'When the close covert I approach'd, where lay
- 'The lordly lion lurking for his prey,
- 'I bent my bow, firm fix'd the string, and strait
- ' Notch'd on the nerve the messenger of fate:
- 'Then circumspect I pry'd with curious eye,
- 'First, unobserv'd, the ravenous beast to spy.
- ' Now mid-day reign'd; I neither could explore
- ' His paw's broad print, nor hear his hideous roar;
- ' Nor labouring rustic find, nor shepherd-swain,
- ' Nor cowherd tending cattle on the plain,
- 'To point the lion's lair: fear chill'd them all,
- ' And kept the herds and herdsmen in the stall.
- 'I search'd the groves and saw my foe at length;
- 'Then was the moment to exert my strength.
- 'Long ere dim evening clos'd, he sought his den,
- ' Gorg'd with the flesh of cattle and of men:
- 'With slaughter stain'd his squalid mane appear'd,
- 'Stern was his face, his chest with blood besmear'd,
- 'And with his pliant tongue he lick'd his gory beard.
- · Mid shady shrubs I hid myself with care,
- ' Expecting he might issue from his lair.
- ' Full at his flank I sent a shaft, in vain,
- 'The harmless shaft rebounded on the plain.
- 'Stunn'd at the shock, from earth the savage rais'd
- ' His tawny head, and all around him gaz'd;

- Wondering from whence the feather'd vengeance flew,
- ' He gnash'd his horrid teeth, tremendous to the view.
- ' Vex'd that the first had unavailing fled,
- · A second arrow from the nerve I sped:
- ' In his broad chest, the mansion of his heart,
- 'I lanch'd the shaft with ineffectual art;
- ' His hair, his hide, the feather'd death repel;
- · Before his feet it innocently fell.
- · Enrag'd, once more I try'd my bow to draw,
- 'Then first his foe the furious monster saw:
- ' He lash'd his sturdy sides with stern delight,
- ' And rising in his rage prepar'd for fight.
- · With instant ire his mane erected grew,
- ' His hair look'd horrid, of a brindled hue;
- 'Circling his back, he seem'd in act to bound,
- ' And like a bow he bent his body round:
- As when the fig-tree skilful wheelers take,
- ' For rolling chariots rapid wheels to make;
- ' The fellies first in fires that gently glow,
- ' Gradual they heat, and like a circle bow;
- · Awhile in curves the pliant timber stands,
- ' Then springs at once elastic from their hands.
- ' On me thus from afar, his foe to wound,
- ' Sprung the fell lion with impetuous bound.
- ' My left hand held my darts direct before,
- ' Around my breast a thick strong garb I wore;

- ' My right, club-guarded, dealt a deadly blow
- ' Full on the temples of the rushing foe:
- ' So hard his skull, that with the sturdy stroke,
- ' My knotted club of rough wild-olive broke:
- 'Yet ere I clos'd, his savage fury fled,
- ' With trembling legs he stood, and nodding head;
- 'The forceful onset had contus'd his brain,
- ' Dim mists obscur'd his eyes, and agonizing pain.
- 'This I perceiv'd; and now, an easy prey,
- ' I threw my arrows and my bow away,
- · And ere the beast recover'd of his wound,
- ' Seiz'd his thick neck, and pinn'd him to the ground;
- 'With all my might on his broad back I prest,
- ' Lest his fell claws should tear my adverse breast;
- 'Then mounting, close my legs in his I twin'd,
- ' And with my feet secur'd his paws behind;
- ' My thighs I guarded, and with all my strength
- ' Heav'd him from earth, and held him at arm's length,
- ' And strangled thus the fellest of the fell;
- ' His mighty soul descending sunk to hell.
- ' The conquest gain'd, fresh doubts my mind divide,
- ' How shall I strip the monster's shaggy hide?
- · Hard task! for the tough skin repell'd the dint
- · Of pointed wood, keen steel, or sharpest flint:
- ' Some god inspir'd me, standing still in pause,
- 'To flay the lion with the lion's claws.

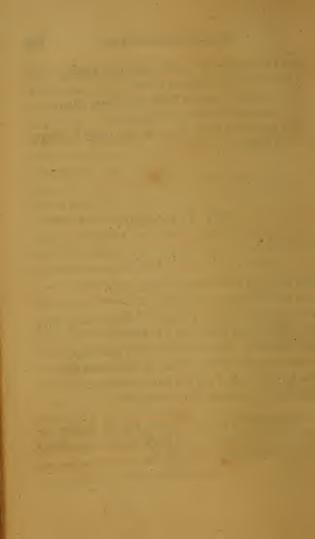
- This I accomplish'd, and the spoil now yields
- · A firm security in fighting fields:
- Thus, Phyleus, was the Nemean monster slain,
- 'The terror of the forest and the plain,
- 'That flocks and herds devour'd, and many a village 'swain.'

THE CONCERT.

AN EPIGRAM.

SAY wilt thou warble to thy double flute,
And make its melody thy music suit?
Then, by the Nymphs I swear, I'll snatch the quilt,
And on the rural lyre essay my skill:
The herdsman, Daphnis, on his reed shall play,
Those sprightly numbers make the shepherds gay:
Fast by yon rugged oak our stand we'll keep,
And rob th' Arcadian deity of sleep.*

^{*} This Epigram is extremely in point, as in the Idyllium entitled 'the Himeræan Ode,' the shepherds are afraid to disturb the Sylvan god's repose. See page 51.



THE

ORIGIN OF THE TROJAN WAR.

FROM THE GREEK OF COLUTHUS.

YE nymphs of Troy, for beauty fam'd, who trace From Xanthus' fertile streams your ancient race, Oft on whose sandy banks your tires are laid, And many a trinket which your hands have made, What time to Ida's hallow'd mount ye throng, To join the festive choir in dance and song; No longer on your favourite banks repose, But come, the judgment of the swain disclose. Say from what hills, to trackless deeps unknown, Rush'd with impetuous zeal the daring clown; * Say to what end, with future ills replete, O'er distant oceans sail'd a mighty fleet;

* This expression, it may be observed, must not be understood in the sense in which it is used in the present day. By the ancients, the art of husbandry was esteemed to be of all others the most honourable; and by the hands of princes were sustained at the same time the crook and the sceptre.

What seas could this adventurous youth embroil, Sow discord's seeds o'er what disastrous soil? Say from what source arose the dire debate, Which swains could end and Goddesses create. What his decision? Of the Grecian dame Who to the shepherd's ear convey'd the name? Speak, for ye saw on Ida's still retreat, Judicial Paris fill his shepherd's seat; Venus ye saw, the Graces' darling queen, As on her judge approv'd she smil'd serene.

What time Hæmonia's lofty mountains rung With hymeneal songs for Peleus sung, Officious Ganymede, at Jove's request, Supplied with sparkling wine each welcome guest; And all the Gods to Thetis' nuptials came, Sister of Amphitrite, honour'd dame.

Earth-shaking Neptune left his azure main, And Jove supreme forsook his starry plain: From Helicon, with odorous shrubs o'erspread, The Muses' tuneful choir Apollo led.

Him Juno follow'd, wife of sovereign Jove: With Harmony the smilling Queen of Love Hasten'd to join the Gods in Chiron's festive grove: Cupid's full quiver o'er her shoulder thrown, Persuasion follow'd with a bridal crown.

Minerva, though to nuptial rites a foe,
Came; but no helmet nodded o'er her brow.
Diana to the Centaur's grove resorts,
And for one day forgets her rural sports.
His loose locks shaking as the zephyrs play'd,
Not long behind convivial Bacchus stay'd.
War's God, as when to Vulcan's dome he sped,
No spear his hand sustain'd, no casque his head,
Such now, without his helmet or his lance,
Smiling he look'd, and led the bridal dance.
But from these blissful scenes was Discord warn'd;
Peleus rejected her, and Chiron scorn'd.

As by the gadfly stung, the heifer strays
Far from its fields, through every devious maze;
Thus, stung with envy, Discord roam'd, nor ceas'd
Her baneful arts to interrupt the feast.
Oft from her flinty bed she rush'd amain,
Then stood, then sunk into her seat again:
With desperate hand she tore her snaky head,
And with a serpent-scourge she lash'd her flinty bed.
To dart the forky lightning, and command
From hell's abyss the Titans' impious band,
Jove from his throne with rebel-arm to wrest,
Were projects form'd within the fury's breast.
But, though incens'd, she dreaded Vulcan's ire,
Who forms Jove's bolt, and checks the raging fire.

Her purpose changing, she with rattling arms Dissension meditates and dire alarms; If haply clattering shields can strike dismay, And from the nuptials drive the Gods away. But Mars she dreaded, oft in arms array'd, And this new project with complacence weigh'd. The burnish'd apples, rich with golden rind, Growth of Hesperian gardens, struck her mind: Resolv'd contention's baneful seeds to sow, She tore the blushing apple from its bough, Grasp'd the dire source whence future battles sprung, And midst the Gods the golden mischief flung. The stately wife of Jove with wondering eyes Beheld, and wish'd to grasp the golden prize. Beauty's fair queen to catch the apple strove; For 'tis the prize of beauty and of love. Jove mark'd the contest, and to crush debate.

- 'Paris, from Priam sprung, perchance you know;
- 'His herds he grazes on mount Ida's brow,
 - · And oft conducts them to the dewy meads,

Thus counsel'd Hermes, who beside him sat:

- 'Through which his streams the Phrygian Xanthus leads:
- · Shew him yon prize, and urge him to declare
- 'Which of these Goddesses he deems most fair;

- 'In whom, of all, his matchless skill can trace
- 'The close-arch'd eyebrow and the roundest face;
- 'On such a face, where bends the circling brow,
- 'The golden apple, beauty's prize, bestow.'

Thus spoke the sire: the willing son obey'd,
And to their judge the Deities convey'd.
Each anxious fair her charms to heighten tries,
And dart new lustre from her sparkling eyes.
Her veil aside insidious Venus flung;
Loose from the clasp her fragrant ringlets hung;
She then in golden cauls each curl compress'd,
Summon'd her little Loves, and thus address'd:

- 'Behold, my sons, the hour of trial near!
- · Embrace, my Loves, and bid me banish fear.
- ' This day's decision will enhance my fame,
- ' Crown beauty's queen, or sink in endless shame.
- · Doubting I stand, to whom the swain may say,
- Bear thou, most fair, the golden prize away.
- ' Nurs'd was each Grace by Juno's fostering hand;
- ' And crowns and sceptres shift at her command:
- ' Minerva dictates in th' embattled field;
- ' And heroes tremble when she shakes her shield.
- · Of all the Goddesses that rule above,
- ' Far most defenceless is the queen of Love:

- ' Without or spear or shield must Venus live;
- ' And crowns and sceptres she has none to give.
- ' Yet why despair? though with no falchion grac'd,
- ' Love's silken chain surrounds my slender waist:
- ' My bow this Cestus, this the dart I fling,
- ' And with this Cestus I infix my sting.
- ' My sting infix'd renews the lover's pain,
- ' And virgins languish, but revive again.'
 Thus to her loves the rosy-finger'd queen
 Told all her fears, and vented all her spleen:
 To every word they lent a willing ear,
 Round their fond mother clung, and strove to cheer.

And now they reach mount Ida's grassy steep, Where youthful Paris feeds his father's sheep: What time he tends them in the plains below, Through which the waters of Anaurus flow, Apart he counts his cattle's numerous stock, Apart he numbers all his fleecy flock.

A wild goat's skin, around his shoulders cast, Loose fell and flow'd below his girded waist:

A pastoral staff, which swains delight to hold, His roving herds protected and controll'd.

Accoutred thus, and warbling o'er his song, He to his pipe melodious pac'd along.

Unnoted oft, while he renews his lay, His flocks desert him, and his oxen stray.

Swift to his bower retires the tuneful man,
To pipe the praise of Hermes and of Pan.
Sunk is each animal in dead repose;
No dog around him barks, no heifer lows:
Echo alone rebounds through Ida's hills,
And all the air with sounds imperfect fills:
The cattle, slunk upon their verdant bed,
Close by their piping lord repose their head.
Beneath the shades which sheltering thickets blend,
When Paris' eye approaching Hermes ken'd,
Back he retires, with sudden fear impress'd,
And shuns the presence of the heavenly guest;
To the thick shrubs his tuneful reed conveys,
And all unfinish'd leaves his warbled lays.

The winged Hermes to the shepherd said, Who mark'd the God's approach with silent dread:

- 'Dismiss thy fears, nor with the flocks abide;
- · A mighty contest Paris must decide.
- ' Haste, judge announc'd; for whose decision wait
- 'Three lovely females, of celestial state.
- ' Haste, and the triumph of that face declare,
- · Which sweetest looks, and fairest midst the fair:
- Let her, whose form thy critic eye prefers,
- · Claim beauty's prize, and be this apple hers.'

Thus Hermes spoke; the ready swain obey'd, And to decide the mighty cause essay'd. With keenest look he mark'd the heavenly dames; Their eyes, quick flashing as the lightning's flames, Their snowy necks, their garments fring'd with gold, And rich embroidery wrought in every fold; Their gait he mark'd, as gracefully they mov'd, And round their feet his eye sagacious rov'd. But, ere the smiling swain his thoughts express'd, Grasping his hand, him Pallas thus address'd:

- Regard not, Phrygian youth, the wife of Jove,
- Nor Venus heed, the queen of wedded love:
- But martial prowess if thy wisdom prize,
- ' Know, I possess it; praise me to the skies.
- 'Thee, fame reports, puissant states obey,
- 'And Troy's proud city owns thy sovereign sway.
- ' Her suffering sons thy conquering arm shall shield,
- ' And stern Bellona shall to Paris yield.
- 'Comply; her succour will Minerva lend,
- " Teach thee war's science, and in fight defend."

So Pallas strove to influence the swain, Whose favour Juno next attempts to gain:

'Should'st thou with beauty's prize my charms reward,
'All Asia's realms shall own thee for their lord.

- Say, what from battles but contention springs?
- ' Such contests shun; for what are wars to kings?
- ' But him, whose hands the rod of empire sway,
- ' Cowards revere, and conquerors obey.
- ' Minerva's friends are oft Bellona's slaves,
- ' And the fiend slaughters whom the Goddess saves.'

Proffers of boundless sway thus Juno made; And Venus then, contemptuous smiling, said: But first her floating veil aloft she throws, And all her graces to the shepherd shews; Loosens her little Loves' attractive chain, And tries each art to captivate the swain.

- 'Accept my boon, (soft spoke the smiling dame)
- Battles forget, and dread Bellona's name.
- Beauty's rich meed at Venus' hand receive,
- ' And Asia's wide domain to tyrants leave.
- 'The deathful fight, the din of arms I fear;
- 'Can Venus' hand direct the martial spear?
- 'Women with beauty stoutest hearts assail,
- Beauty, their best defence, their strongest mail.
- · Prefer domestic ease to martial strife.
- ' And to exploits of war a pleasing wife.
- 'To realms extensive Helen's bed prefer,
- ' And scoff at kingdoms, when oppos'd to her.

- 'Thy prize with envy Sparta shall survey,
- ' And Troy to Paris tune the bridal lay.'

The shepherd, who astonish'd stood and mute, Consign'd to Venus the Hesperian fruit, The claim of beauty, and the source of woes; For dire debates from this decision rose. Uplifting in her hand the glowing prize, She rallied thus the vanquish'd Deities:

- 'To me, ye martial dames, the prize resign;
- Beauty I court, and beauty's prize is mine.
- ' Mother of mighty Mars and Vulcan too,
- ' Fame says, the choir of Graces sprung from you:
- ' Yet distant far, this day, your daughters stray'd,
- ' And no one Grace appear'd to lend you aid.
- ' Mars too declin'd t' assert his mother's right,
- ' Though oft his branish'd sword decides the fight.
- ' His boasted flames why could not Vulcan cast,
- ' And at one blaze his mother's rivals blast?
- ' Vain are thy triumphs, Pallas, vain thy scorn;
- 'Thou, not in wedlock, nor of woman born.
- ' Jove's teeming head the monstrous birth contains,
- ' And the barb'd iron ripp'd thee from his brains.
- ' Brac'd with unyielding plaits of ruthless mail,
- · She curses Cupid and the silken veil:

- ' Connubial bliss and concord she abhors,
- 'In discord glories, and delights in wars.
- 'Yet know, virago, not in feats of arms
- 'Triumph weak women, but in beauty's charms.
- ' Nor men nor women are those mongrels base,
- 'Like you, equivocal in form and face.'

In terms like these the laughter-loving queen Rallied her rivals, and increas'd their spleen. As, lifting high, she view'd with secret joy Her beauty's triumphs and the bane of Troy. Inspir'd with love for her, the fair unknown, By beauty's conquering queen pronounc'd his own, Ill-fated Paris to the forest's maze Men vers'd in Pallas' various arts conveys. At Pericles' command they give the blow, And lay the glories of the forest low: He, artist fam'd, his frantic prince obey'd, And burden'd ocean with the ships he made. From Ida's summits rush'd the daring swain, And to its bowery shades prefer'd the boisterous main: Th' extended beach with choice oblations stor'd, And his protectress Venus oft implor'd. The billowy deep his furrowing keel divides, And in the Hellespont his vessel rides; But prodigies announce approaching ill, And with presages sad each bosom fill:

Up-heaving waves heaven's starry concave shroud, And round each Bear is cast a circling cloud; Clouds and big waves discharge their watery stores; Full on the deck the bursting torrent pours: Their sturdy oars with unabating sweep Far whitening agitate the angry deep. Dardanus pass'd, and Ilion's fertile plains, The mouth of Ismarus' lake the adventurer gains. Now, far remote, they view Pangræa's height; Now Phillis' rising tomb attracts their sight, And the dull round she nine times trode in vain, To view the faithless wanderer again. Hæmonia's meads remote, the Trojan spies Th' Achaian cities unexpected rise: Phthia, with heroes far renown'd replete; Mycenæ, fam'd for many a spacious street. Beside the meads, where Arymanthus glides'; Sparta aspires, that boasts her beauteous brides; Sparta with joy th' expecting swain survey'd-Lav'd by Eurotas, by Atrides sway'd; Nor distant far, o'ershaded by a wood, Beneath a mountain's brow Therapnæ stood. Short was their voyage now: the bending oar Was heard to lash the foamy surge no more: The sailors, safe embosom'd in the bay, Firm to the beach confin'd the corded stay.

In purifying waters plung'd the swain, And, rising thence, pac'd slowly o'er the plain; For much he fear'd, lest his incautious tread O'er his wash'd feet the spatter'd mire should spread; Or lest his hair, beneath his casque confin'd, Should, if he ran, be ruffled with the wind. The city's splendor Paris' eye detains, The citizens' abodes, and glistering fanes: Here Pallas' form, in mimic gold portray'd, Here Hyacinthus' image he survey'd: Him with delight the Amiclæans view'd, Pursuing Phœbus and by him pursu'd; But, sore displeas'd at jealous Zephyr's spite, They urg'd the stripling to unequal fight; For Phœbus' efforts ineffectual prov'd, To save from Zephyr's rage the youth he lov'd: Earth with compassion heard Apollo's cries, And from her bosom bade a flower arise; His favourite's name, impress'd upon whose leaf, Still, as the god contemplates, sooths his grief.

Now Priam's son before Atrides' dome Exulting stood in beauty's purple bloom. Not Semele, by Jove's caresses won, On Jove bestow'd so beautiful a son: (Forgive me, Bacchus, seed of Jove supreme) Such peerless graces round his person beam. Touch'd by fair Helen's hand the bolts recede; She to the spacious hall repair'd with speed: Her form distinct th' unfolded portals shew; She look'd, she ponder'd, and again withdrew. Then on a radiant seat she bade him rest, And, still insatiate, gaz'd upon her guest. Awhile she likens him in graceful mien To Love, attendant on the Cyprian queen. But 'tis not Love, she recollects again; Nor bow nor quiver deck this gallant swain. 'Tis Bacchus sure, the God of wine she said; For o'er his cheeks a rosy bloom is spread. Daring at length her faltering voice to raise, She thus express'd her wonder and her praise:

- 'Whence art thou, stranger? whence thy comely race?
- 'Thy country tell me, and thy natal place.
- ' In thee I mark the majesty of kings;
- But not from Greece thy lofty lineage springs:
- ' Not sandy Pyle thine origin can shew;
- 'I know not thee, though Nestor's son I know.
- 'Phthia, the nurse of heroes, train'd not thee;
- ' For known are all th' Æacidæ to me:
- ' Peleus, and Telamon renown'd in fight,
- Patroclus' courtesy, Achilles' might.'

Inspir'd by love, thus spoke the gentle dame; And he, thus answering, fann'd the rising flame:

- ' If e'er recording fame, illustrious maid,
- ' Hath to thine ear great Ilion's name convey'd,
- ' Ilion, whose walls on Phrygian frontiers stand,
- · Rear'd by Apollo's and by Neptune's hand;
- ' Him if thou know'st, most opulent of kings,
- ' Who reigns o'er Ilion, and from Saturn springs;
- ' I to hereditary worth aspire;
- 'The wealthy Priam is my honour'd sire.
- · My high descent from Dardanus I prove;
- ' And ancient Dardanus descends from Jove.
- 'Th' Immortals thus forsake the realms of light,
- . And mix with mortals in the social rite:
- · Neptune and Phœbus thus forsook the sphere,
- ' Firm on its base my native Troy to rear.
- But know, on three fair Goddesses, of late,
- · Sentence I pass'd, and clos'd the long debate.
- ' On Venus, who with charms superior shone,
- 'I lavish'd praises and conferr'd my boon.
- ' The Cyprian Goddess, pleas'd with my decree,
- 'Reserv'd this recompence, O queen, for me:
- ' Some faithful fair, possess'd of heavenly charms,
- ' Should, she protested, bless my longing arms,
- ' Helen her name, to beauty's queen ally'd;
- " Helen, for thee I stemm'd the troubled tide;

- ' Unite we now in Hymen's mystic bands;
- 'Thus love inspires, and Venus thus commands.
- 'Scorn not my suit, nor beauty's queen despise:
- ' More need I add to influence the wise?
- ' For well thou know'st, how dastardly and base
- ' Is Menelaüs' degenerate race.
- ' And well I know, that Græcia's ample coast
- ' No fair like thee, for beauty fam'd, can boast.'

He said; on earth her sparkling eyes she cast, Embarrass'd, paus'd awhile, and spoke at last:

- 'To visit Ilion, and her towers survey,
- · Rear'd by the God of ocean and of day,
- (Stupendous labours by Celestials wrought)
- ' Hath oft, illustrious guest, employ'd my thought.
- 'Oft have I wish'd to saunter o'er the vales,
- ' Whose flowery pasture Phœbus' flocks regales;
- ' Where, beneath Ilion's walls, along the meads,
- ' The shepherd-god his lowing oxen feeds.
- 'To Ilion I'll attend thee: haste away;
- ' For beauty's queen forbids our long delay.
- · No husband's threats, no husband's search I dread,
- 'Though he to Troy suspect his Helen fled.'

The Spartan dame, of matchless charms possess'd, Proffer'd these terms to her consenting guest. Night, which relieves our toils, when the bright sun, In ocean sunk, his daily course has run, Now gives her softest slumbers, ere the ray Of rising morn proclaims th' approach of day. Two gates of airy dreams she opens wide; Of polish'd horn is this, where truths abide: Voices divine through this mysterious gate Proclaim th' unalterable will of Fate. But through the ivory-gate incessant troop Of vain, delusive dreams a faithless group.

Helen, seduc'd from Menelaüs' bed, Th' adventurous shepherd to his navy led; To Troy with speed he bears the fatal freight; For Venus' proffers confidence create.

At morning's dawn Hermione appears, With tresses discompos'd and bath'd in tears. She rous'd her menial train; and thus express'd The boding sorrows of her troubled breast:

- Where, fair attendants, is my mother fled,
- ' Who left me sleeping in her lonely bed?
- ' For yesternight she took her trusty key,
- ' Turn'd the strong bolt, and slept secure with me.'

Her hapless fate the pensive train deplore, And in thick circles gather round the door; Here all contend to moderate her grief, And by their kind condolence give relief:

- 'Unhappy princess, check the rising tear;
- 'Thy mother, absent now, will soon appear;
- ' Soon as thy sorrow's bitter source she knows,
- · Her speedy presence will dispel thy woes.

(The virgin-cheek, with sorrow's weight o'ercome, Sinks languid down and loses half its bloom; Deep in the head the tearful eye retires, There sullen sits, nor darts its wonted fires.)

- ' Eager, perchance, the band of nymphs to meet,
- ' She saunters devious from her favourite seat,
- ' And, of some flowery mead at length possess'd,
- 'Sinks on the dew-bespangled lawn to rest;
- Or to some kindred stream perchance she strays,
- Bathes in Eurotas' streams, and round its margin plays.
- 'Why talk ye thus?' (the pensive maid replies, The tears of anguish trickling from her eyes)
- She knows each roseate bower, each vale and hill,
- · She knows the course of every winding rill.
- The stars are set; on rugged rocks she lies:
- 'The stars are up; nor does my mother rise.
- . What hills, what dales thy devious steps detain?
- · Hath some relentless beast my mother slain?

- But beasts, which lawless round the forest rove,
- Revere the sacred progeny of Jove.
- Or art thou fallen from some steep mountain's brow,
- 'Thy corse conceal'd in dreary dells below?
- But through the groves, with thickest foliage crown'd,
- 'Beneath each shrivel'd leaf that strews the ground,
- · Assiduous have I sought thy corse in vain:
- 'Why should we then the guiltless grove arraign?
- ' But have Eurotas' streams, which rapid flow,
- 'O'erwhelm'd thee bathing in its deeps below?
- 'Yet in the deeps below the Naiads live,
- And they to womankind protection give.'

Thus spoke she sorrowing, and reclin'd her head;
And sleeping seem'd to mingle with the dead.
For sleep his elder brother's aspect wears;
Lies mute like him, and undisturb'd by cares.
Hence the swoln eyes of females, deep distress'd,
Oft, when the tear is trickling, sink to rest.
In this delusive dream the sleeping maid
Her mother saw, or thought she saw, portray'd;
Aloud she shriek'd, distracted and amaz'd,
And utter'd thus her anguish as she gaz'd:

'Last night, far distant from your daughter fled, 'You left me slumbering in my father's bed.

- ' What dangerous steeps have I not strove to gain?
- 'And stroll'd o'er hills and dales for thee in vain?'
 - ' Condemn me not;' (replied the wandering dame)
- · Pity my sufferings, nor augment my shame;
- ' Me yesterday a lawless guest beguil'd,
- · And distant tore me from my darling child.
- · At Cytherea's high command I rove;
- And once more revel in the walks of love.

She said: her voice the sleeping maid alarms; She springs to clasp her mother in her arms. In vain: no mother meets her wistful eyes; And now her tears redouble and her cries:

- 'Ye feathery race, inhabitants of light,
- · To Crete's fam'd isle direct your rapid flight;
- 'There to my sire th' unwelcome truth proclaim,
- · How yesterday a desperate vagrant came,
- ' Tore all he dotes on from his bridal bed,
- ' And with his beauteous queen abruptly fled.'

The restless fair, her mother to regain, Thus to the winds bewail'd and wept in vain. The Thracian town diminished from their view, And fleet o'er Helle's strait the vessel flew. The bridegroom now his natal coast descry'd, And to the Trojan port conducts his bride. Cassandra from her tower beheld them sail, And tore her locks, and rent her golden veil: But hospitable Troy unbars her gate, Receives her citizen and seals her fate.*

The memorable Trojan war soon followed. Menelaus, on his return from the island of Crete, assembled the different states of Greece, who instantly armed in his cause, each prince furnishing a certain number of ships and men. The number of ships has been differently represented, but it is supposed that not less than 100,000 men were employed in this celebrated expedition. The combat between Menelaus and Paris, with some other particulars of the war, and the subsequent Fall of Troy, are detailed in the ensuing extracts from the Iliad and Æneid.

CONTRACTOR OF THE PERSON NAMED IN

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

ILIAD AND ÆNEID.

THE COMBAT OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

FROM POPE'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD.

Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.

Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day:
So wrapt in gath'ring dust, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.
Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the van, before the sons of fame
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came:

In form a god! the panther's speckled hide Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride: His bended bow across his shoulders flung, His sword beside him negligently hung. Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace, And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus with glorious air and proud disdain, He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain, Him Menelaüs, lov'd of Mars, espies, With heart elated, and with joyful eyes: So joys a lion, if the branching deer Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear; Eager he seizes and devours the slain, Prest by bold youths, and baying dogs in vain. Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound, In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground From his high chariot: him, approaching near, The beauteous champion views with marks of fear; Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind, And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find. As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees; Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright, And all confus'd precipitates his flight: So from the king the shining warrior flies, And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As godlike Hector sees the prince retreat, He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat: 'Unhappy Paris! but to women brave! So fairly form'd, and only to deceive! Oh! hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light, Or died at least before thy nuptial rite! A better fate than vainly thus to boast, And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host. Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee! Thy figure promis'd with a martial air, But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair. In former days, in all thy gallant pride, When thy tall ships triumphant stem'd the tide, When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow, And crowds stood wond'ring at the passing show: Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien, You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen; Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize, And both* her warlike lords outshin'd in Helen's eyes? This deed, thy foes delight, thy own disgrace, Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race; This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight; Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?

^{*} Theseus and Monelaiis.

Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know, Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe. Thy graceful form instilling soft desire, Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre, Beauty and youth; in vain to these you trust, When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust: Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow Crush the dire author of his country's woe.'

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks: 'Tis just, my brother! what your anger speaks: But who like thee can boast a soul sedate, So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate? Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows, Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows, Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain, With falling woods to strow the wasted plain. Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms With which a lover golden Venus arms; Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show, No wish can gain 'em, but the gods bestow. Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat stand, The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand; Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide, And on that stage of war the cause be try'd: By Paris there the Spartan king be fought, For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought;

And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.'

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy, Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe Advanc'd with steps majestically slow:

While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour Their stones and arrows in a mingled show'r.

Then thus the monarch great Atrides cried; 'Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside: A parley Hector asks, a message bears; We know him by the various plume he wears.' Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend, The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.

While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes On either host, and thus to both applies: 'Hear, all ye Trojans! all ye Grecian bands! What Paris, author of the war, demands.

Your shining swords within the sheath restrain, And pitch your lances in the yielding plain. Here in the midst, in either army's sight, He dares the Spartan king to single fight; And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil. Let these the brave triumphant victor grace, And diff'ring nations part in leagues of peace.'

He spoke: in still suspense on either side Each army stood: the Spartan chief reply'd.

'Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right A world engages in the toils of fight.

To me the labour of the field resign;

Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.

Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms;

And live the rest, secure of future harms.

Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,

To Earth a sable, to the Sun a white,

Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring

Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.

Let rev'rend Priam in the truce engage,

And add the sanction of considerate age;

His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,

And youth itself an empty wav'ring state:

Cool age advances venerably wise, Turns on all hands its deep discerning eyes; Sees what befel, and what may yet befall, Concludes from both, and best provides for all.'

The nations hear, with rising hopes possest, And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast. Within the lines they drew their steeds around, And from their chariots issued on the ground: Next, all unbuckling the rich mail they wore, Laid their bright arms along the sable shore. On either side the meeting hosts are seen, With lances fix'd, and close the space between. Two heralds now dispatch'd to Troy, invite The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite; Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.

Meantime, to beauteous Helen, from the skies The various goddess of the rainbow flies; (Like fair Laodicé in form and face, The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race,) Her in the palace, at her loom she found; The golden web her own sad story crown'd. The Trojan wars she weav'd (herself the prize) And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.

To whom the goddess of the painted bow,
Approach! and view the wondrous scene below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;
Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance;
Each met in arms the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.'

This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires; Her country, parents, all that once were dear, Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear. O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw, And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew. Her hand-maids Clymenè and Æthra wait Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate.

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race, (Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace,) The king the first; Thymætes at his side:

Lampus and Clytius, long in council try'd;

Panthus, and Hicetäon, once the strong;

And next, the wisest of the rev'rend throng,

Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon, Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun. Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage, But wise thro' time, and narrative with age, In summer-days, like grass-hoppers rejoice, A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice. These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tow'r, In secret own'd resistless beauty's pow'r: They cried, no wonder such celestial charms, For nine long years have set the world in arms; What winning graces! what majestic mien! She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen! Yet hence, oh heav'n! convey that fatal face, And from destruction save the Trojan race. The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cry'd, ' Approach, my child! and grace thy father's side. See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears, The friends and kindred of thy former years. No crime of thine our present sufferings draws, Not thou, but heav'n's disposing will, the cause: The gods these armies and this force employ, The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy. But lift thy eyes, and say, what Greek is he (Far as from hence these aged orbs can see) Around whose brow such martial graces shine, So tall, so awful, and almost divine?

Though some of larger stature tread the green, None match his grandeur and exalted mien: He seems a monarch, and his country's pride.' Thus ceas'd the king, and thus the fair reply'd:

'Before thy presence, father, I appear
With conscious shame and reverential fear,
Ah! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,
False to my country, and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind!
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please!
The king of kings, Atrides, you survey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway:
My brother once, before my days of shame;
And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!'

With wonder Priam view'd the godlike-man, Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began:
'O bless'd Atrides! born to prosp'rous fate, Successful monarch of a mighty state? How vast thy empire! Of you matchless train What numbers lost—what numbers yet remain! In Phrygia once were gallant armies known, In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,

When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse, And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force: Against the manlike Amazons we stood, And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood; But far inferior those, in martial grace And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.'

This said, once more he view'd the warrior-train: 'What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain?' Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread, Tho' great Atrides overtops his head.

Nor yet appear his care and conduct small; From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.

The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground, And, master of the flock, surveys them round.'

Then Helen thus: 'Whom your discerning eyes Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise:

A barren island boasts his glorious birth;
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.'

Antenor took the word, and thus began:
'Myself, O king! have seen that wondrous man;
When trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause;
(Great Menelaüs urg'd the same request)
My house was honour'd with each royal guest;

I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts, Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts. Erect, the Spartan most engag'd our view; Ulysses seated, greater rev'rence drew. When Atreus' son harangu'd the list'ning train, Just was his sense, and his expression plain, His words succinct, yet full, without a fault; He spoke no more than just the thing he ought. But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound, His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground, As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand, Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd hand; But, when he speaks, what elocution flows! Soft as the fleeces of descending snows, The copious accents fall, with easy art; Melting they fall, and sink into the heart! Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise, Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.'

The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
'What chief is that, with giant strength endu'd,
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature far exceed the rest?'
'Ajax the great (the beauteous queen reply'd)
Himself a host, the Grecian strength and pride.
See! bold Idomeneus superior tow'rs
Amidst yon circle of his Cretan pow'rs,

Great as a god! I saw him once before,
With Menelaüs on the Spartan shore.
The rest I know, and could in order name;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the num'rous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain:
Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.
My brothers these; the same our native shore,
One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refus'd to sail the seas:
Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause.'

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom, Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb; Adorn'd with honours in their native shore, Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

Meantime the heralds, thro' the crowded town, Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down. Idæus' arms the golden goblets prest, Who thus the venerable king addrest: 'Arise, O father of the Trojan state! The nations call, thy joyful people wait To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.

Paris thy son, and Sparta's king advance,
In measur'd lists to toss the weighty lance;
And who his rival shall in arms subdue,
His be the dame, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.'

With grief he heard, and bid the chiefs prepare To join his milk-white coursers to the car: He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side; The gentle steeds through Scæa's gates they guide: Next from the car descending on the plain, Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train Slow they proceed: the sage Ulysses then. Arose, and with him rose the king of men. On either side a sacred herald stands, The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands. Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord His cutlass sheath'd beside his pond'rous sword; From the 'sign'd victims crops the curling hair, The heralds part it, and the princes share; Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands He calls the gods, and spreads his lifted hands.

'O first and greatest pow'r! whom all obey, Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway, Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll From east to west, and view from pole to pole! Thou mother earth! and all ye living floods! Infernal Furies, and Tartarean Gods! Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear! Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain, Great Menelaus press the fatal plain; The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep, And Greece returning plow the wat'ry deep. If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed, Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed: Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay, And ev'ry age record the signal day. This if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield, Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.'

With that the chief the tender victims slew,
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw;
The vital spirit issu'd at the wound,
And left the members quiv'ring on the ground.
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the pow'rs divine.
While thus their pray'rs united mount the sky,
' Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye gods on high!
And may their blood, who first the league confound,
Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;

May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust, And all their race be scatter'd as the dust!' Thus either host their imprecations join'd, Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, rev'rend Priam rose,
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes:
'Ye Greeks and Trojans! let the chiefs engage,
But spare the weakness of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.
Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall fall,
Heav'n only knows! for Heav'n disposes all.'

This said, the hoary king no longer staid, But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid; Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide, And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.

Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose
The lists of combat, and the ground enclose;
Next to decide, by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like these are heard through all the bands
'Immortal Jove! high heav'n's superior lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!

Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate, Oh give that author of the war to fate And shades eternal! let division cease, And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.'

With eyes averted, Hector hastes to turn The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn. Then, Paris! thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance. Both armies sat, the combat to survey; Beside each chief his azure armour lay; And round the lists the gen'rous coursers neigh. The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight, In gilded arms magnificently bright: The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around, With flow'rs adorn'd, with silver buckles bound: Lycaon's corslet his fair body drest, Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast; A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd, Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread; The waving horse-hair nodded on his head; His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes, And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shakes. With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms, The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists th' admiring armies stand, With jav'lins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band. Amidst the dreadful vale the chiefs advance, All pale with rage, and shake the threat'ning lance. The Trojan first his shining jav'lin threw; Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew; Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground. Atrides then his massy lance prepares, In act to throw, but first prefers his pray'rs.

Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust, And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust: Destroy th' aggressor; aid my righteous cause; Avenge the breach of hospitable laws! Let this example future times reclaim, And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name." He said; and pois'd in air the jav'lin sent, Thro' Paris' shield the forceful weapon went, His corselet pierces, and his garment rends, And glancing downward, near his flank descends. The wary Trojan bending from the blow, Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe: But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword, and strook Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook; The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand, Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.

The raging warrior to the spacious skies Rais'd his upbraiding voice and angry eyes: 'Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust? And is it thus the gods assist the just? When crimes provoke us heav'n success denies; The dart falls harmless, and the faulchion flies.' Furious he said; and tow'rd the Grecian crew (Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew; Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong, That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along. Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy, But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy: Unseen she came, and burst the golden band; And left an empty helmet in his hand. The casque, enrag'd, amidst the Greeks he threw; The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view. Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart, In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart, The queen of love her favour'd champion shrouds (For gods can all things) in a veil of clouds. Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led, And gently laid him on the bridal bed. With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews, And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.

Meantime the brightest of the female kind, The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclin'd: To her, beset with Trojan beauties came, In borrow'd form the laughter-loving dame. (She seem'd an ancient maid, well skill'd to cull The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.) The goddess softly shook her silken vest, That shed perfumes, and whisp'ring thus addrest:

'Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls, Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls, Fair as a god! with odours round him spread He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed: Not like a warrior parted from the foe, But some gay dancer in the public show.'

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd; She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd. Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire, And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire. Struck with her presence, straight the lively red Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said: 'Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive? And woman's frailty always to believe? Say, to new nations must I cross the main, Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain? For whom must Helen break her second vow? What other Paris is thy darling now?

Left to Atrides (victor in the strife)
An odious conquest and a captive wife,
Hence let me sail: and, if thy Paris bear
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.
A hand-maid goddess at his side to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heav'nly state,
Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore,
His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.
For me, to lawless love no longer led,
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;
Else should I merit everlasting shame,
And keen reproach from ev'ry Phrygian dame:
Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.'

Then thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies;
Obey the pow'r from whom thy glories rise:
Should Venus leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly,
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
The world's aversion, than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage;
Then, the sad victim of the public rage.

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd, And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade; Unseen and silent, from the train she moves, Led by the goddess of the smiles and loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace gate,
The maids officious round their mistress wait;
Then all dispersing, various tasks attend;
The queen and goddess to the prince ascend.
Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove;
Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say:

'Is this the chief, who lost to sense of shame, Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame? Oh hadst thou died beneath the righteous sword Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord! The boaster Paris oft desir'd the day With Sparta's king to meet in single fray: Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite, Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight: Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.'

The prince replies; 'Ah cease, divinely fair!

Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;

This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' pow'r;

We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:

There want not gods to favour us above: But let the business of our life be love: These softer moments let delights employ, And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.'

While these to love's delicious rapture yield, The stern Atrides ranges round the field:
So some fell lion, whom the woods obey,
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his prey.
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy:
Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.

Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our gen'rous foes!
Hear and attest! from heav'n with conquest crown'd,
Our brother's arms the just success have found;
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord;
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record this signal day.'

He ceas'd: his army's loud applauses rise, And the long shout runs echoing thro' the skies.

HECTOR'S MISSION TO PARIS,

TO RECALL HIM TO THE FIELD.

[The affecting Interview with Andromache, is included in this Extract.]

And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd; Had not sage Helenus her state redrest, Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast.

Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone) When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son Between both armies met: the chiefs from far Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state, Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate. Beneath the beech tree's consecrated shades, The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care For husbands, brothers, sons engag'd in war. He bids the train in long procession go, And seek the gods, t' avert th' impending woe.

And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame:
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughter sat:
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen.
(With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race)
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:

'O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.'

'Far hence be Bacchus' gifts, (the chief rejoin'd,) Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind. Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice To sprinkle to the gods its better use. By me that holy office were profan'd: Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd. To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise, Or offer heav'n's great Sire polluted praise. You, with your matrons, go; a spotless train. And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane. The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold, Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread, And twelve young heifers to her altar led. So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire, Who mows whole troops and makes all Troy retire. Be this, O mother! your religious care; I go to rouze soft Paris to the war: If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame, The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame. Oh! would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace, That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race! Deep to the dark abyss might he descend, Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.'

This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.

The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went, Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent. There lay the vestures, of no vulgar art, Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part, Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore, With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore. Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes The various textures and the various dyes, She chose a veil that shone superior far, And glow'd refulgent as the morning star. Herself with this the long procession leads; The train majestically slow proceeds. Soon as to Ilion's topmost tow'r they come, And awful reach the high Palladian dome, Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates. With hands uplifted, and imploring eyes, They fill the dome with supplicating cries. The priestess then the shining veil displays. Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:

'Oh awful goddess! ever dreadful maid, Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid! Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall. So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke, Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke. But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r, Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!' So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane: So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs, Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs. Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part Assembling architects of matchless art. Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands The pompous structure, and the town commands. A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength, Of full ten cubits was the lance's length. The steely point with golden ringlets join'd, Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd. Thus ent'ring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round. His eyes delighting with their splendid show, Bright'ning the shield and polishing the bow. Beside him Helen with her virgins stands, Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.

Him thus inactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke:
'Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us, both conspire;
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
Rise, or behold the conq'ring flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.'

'Brother! 'tis just, (reply'd the beauteous youth)
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sat,
And mourn'd in secret, his and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms,
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.'

He said: nor answer'd Priam's warlike son; When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:

'O gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame That caus'd these woes, deserves a sister's name! Would heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done. The day, that show'd me to the golden sun, Had seen my death! why did not whirlwinds bear The fatal infant to the fowls of air? Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide, And 'midst the roarings of the waters died? Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst. Helen at least a braver spouse might claim, Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame! Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline; With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine: The gods have link'd our miserable doom, Our present woe, and infamy to come: Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long, Example sad! and theme of future song.

The chief reply'd: 'This time forbids to rest: The Trojan bands by hostile fury prest, Demand their Hector, and his arm require; The combat urges, and my soul's on fire. Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls, And timely join me, ere I leave the walls. Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray, My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay; This day, (perhaps the last that sees me here,) Demands a parting word, a tender tear: This day, some god who hates our Trojan land May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.'

He said; and pass'd with sad presaging heart To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part; At home he sought her, but he sought in vain: She, with one maid of all her menial train, Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy, The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy, Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height, Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight; There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore, Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd, Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd, Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent Her parting steps? If to the fane she went, Where late the mourning matrons made resort; Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?

'Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay; Swift through the town he trod his former way, Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state; And met the mourner at the Scæan gate. With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair, His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir: (Cilician Thebé great Aëtion sway'd, And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade) The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest, His only hope hung smiling at her breast, Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn, Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn. To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name Scamandrius, from Scamander's honor'd stream; Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy, From his great father, the defence of Troy.

Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

'Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run? Ah! too forgetful of thy wife and son! And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be. A widow I, an helpless orphan he! For sure such courage length of life denies, And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. Greece in her single heroes strove in vain; Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain! Oh grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom, All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb! So shall my days in one sad tenor run, And end with sorrows as they first begun. No parent now remains, my griefs to share, No father's aid, no mother's tender care. The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire, Laid Thebé waste, and slew my warlike sire! His fate compassion in the victor bred; Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead, His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil, And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;

Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd: The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd. Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow A barren shade, and in his honour grow. By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell; In one sad day beheld the gates of hell: While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed; Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled! My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands: The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again Her pleasing empire and her native plain, When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe, She fell a victim to Diana's bow. Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see My father, mother, brethren, all in thee! Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all, Once more will perish, if my Hector fall. Thy wife, thy infant, in thy dangers share: Oh prove a husband's and a father's care! That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy, Where you wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy: Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post; There Agamemnon points his dreadful host, That pass, Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain, And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train. Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n, Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.

Let others in the fields their arms employ, But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.'

The chief reply'd: 'That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the
ground,

Attaint the lustre of my former name, Should Hector basely quit the field of fame? My early youth was bred to martial pains, My soul impels me to th' embattled plains: Let me be foremost to defend the throne, And guard my father's glories, and my own.

'Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy, must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!

To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring. There while you groan beneath the load of life, They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife! Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see, Embitters all thy woes by naming me. The thoughts of glory past, and present shame, A thousand griefs shall waken at the name! May I lie cold before that dreadful day, Press'd with a load of monumental clay! Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep, Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.'

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy. The babe clung crying to the nurse's breast, Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest. With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd, And Hector hasted to relieve his child, The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound, And placed the beaming helmet on the ground; Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air, Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r:

O thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne, And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son! Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.'

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms, Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms; Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid, Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd. The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear, She mingled with the smile a tender tear. The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd, And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd:

'Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth.

No force can then resist, no flight can save, All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me, glory summons to the martial scene;
The field of combat is the sphere for men.

Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame.'

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes—His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes. His princess parts with a prophetic sigh, Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye, That stream'd at ev'ry look: then moving slow, Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe. There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man, Thro' all her train the soft infection ran, The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed, And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;

Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides, And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides; His head now freed, he tosses to the skies; His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulder flies: He snuffs the females in the distant plain, And springs, exulting, to his fields again. With equal triumph, sprightly, bold and gay, In arms refulgent as the god of day, The son of Priam, glorying in his might, Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way, The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay. To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd: 'O chief! in blood, and now in arms ally'd! Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest; Known is thy courage, and thy strength confest. What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave, Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave! My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say, And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away. Haste then, in all their glorious labours share; For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war. These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree We crown the bowl to Heav'n and liberty: While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns, And Greece indignant thro' her seas returns.'

THE FUNERAL OF HECTOR.*

First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
And 'Oh my Hector! oh my lord! she cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes:
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?

* The presaging words of this valiant chief, in his interview with Paris and Helen, (see page 175) were but too prophetical: On his return to the field of battle, after having performed prodigies of valour, he was at length slain in single combat by Achilles, who inhumanly dragged his body round the walls of Troy, at his chariot wheels, in revenge for his having slain Patroclus. Achilles, afterwards, moved with compassion by the intercession of Priam, yielded to the venerable sire the dead body of his son, and granted a truce for its interment. The remains laying in state, excited the lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with which the above Extract begins.

Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er. (Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore! Thou too, my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go, The sad companion of thy mother's woe; Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword; Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord: Or else some Greek whose father prest the plain, Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain; In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy, And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy. For thy stern father never spar'd a foe: Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe! Thence, many evils his sad parents bore, His parents many, but his consort more. Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand? And why receiv'd not I thy last command? Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly dear, My soul might keep, or utter with a tear; Which never, never could be lost in air, Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!'

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan: Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part.
O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!

Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd, And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd! While all my other sons in barb'rous hands Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands, This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost, Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast. Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom, Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb, (The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain) Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain! Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace, No mark of pain or violence of face; Rosy and fair, as Phœbus' silver bow Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!'

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears;
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:

'Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(O had I perish'd ere that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)

Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curst the authoress of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train;
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Thro' Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam!
In Troy deserted, as abhor'd at home!'

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose.
'Perform, ye Trojaus! what the rites require,
And fell the forests for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes, nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead.'

He spoke; and at his word, the Trojan train-Their mules and oxen harness to the wain, Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown, Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.

These toils continue nine successive days, And high in air a sylvan structure raise. But when the tenth fair morn began to shine, Forth to the pile was borne the man divine, And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes, Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise. Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn, With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn; Again the mournful crouds surround the pyre, And quench with wine the yet remaining fire. The snowy bones his friends and brothers place (With tears collected) in a golden vase; The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd, Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold. Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread, And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead. (Strong guards and spies, 'till all the rites were done. Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun) All Troy then moves to Priam's court again, A solemn, silent, melancholy train: Assembled there, from pious toil they rest, And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast. Such honours Ilion to her hero paid, And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

THE FALL OF TROY.

FROM PITT'S TRANSLATION OF

THE ÆNEID.

ALL gaz'd in silence, with an eager look; Then from the golden couch the hero spoke. Ah mighty queen! you urge me to disclose, And feel, once more, unutterable woes; How vengeful Greece with victory was crown'd, And Troy's fair empire humbled to the ground. Those direful scenes I saw on Phrygia's shore, Those wars in which so large a part I bore, The fiercest Argive would with tears bewail, And stern Ulysses tremble at the tale. And lo! the night precipitates away; The stars, grown dim before the dawning day, Call to repose; but since you long to know, And curious listen to the story'd woe; Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell, But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.

The Grecian kings, (for many a rolling year, Repell'd by fate, and harrass'd by the war;)
By Pallas' aid, of season'd fir compose
A steed, that tow'ring like a mountain rose:
This they pretend their common vow, to gain
A safe return, and measure back the main:
Such the report; but guileful Argos hides
Her bravest heroes in the monster's sides;
Deep, deep within, they throng'd the dreadful gloom,
And half a host lay ambush'd in the womb.

An isle, in ancient times renown'd by fame,
Lies full in view, and Tenedos the name;
Once blest with wealth, while Priam held the sway,
But now a broken, rough, and dang'rous bay:
Thither their unsuspected course they bore,
And hid their hosts within the winding shore.
We deem'd them sail'd for Greece; transported Troy
Forgot her woes, and gave a loose to joy;
Threw wide her gates, and pour'd forth all her train,
To view th' abandon'd camp, and empty plain.
Here the Dolopian troops their station held;
There proud Achilles' tent o'erlook'd the field;
Here rang'd, the thousand vessels stood; and there
In conflicts join'd the furious sons of war.
Some view the gift of Pallas with surprize,

The fatal monster, and its wondrous size. And first Thymætes mov'd the crowd to lead And lodge within the tower the lofty steed; Or, with design, his country to destroy, Or fate determin'd now the fall of Troy. But hoary Capys, and the wise, require To plunge the treacherous gift of Greece in fire, Or whelm the mighty monster in the tides, Or bore the ribs, and search the cavern'd sides. Their own wild will the noisy crowds obey, And vote, as partial fancy points the way; Till bold Laocoon, with a mighty train, From th' high tower rush'd furious to the plain; And sent his voice from far, with rage inspir'd: 'What madness, Trojans, has your bosoms fir'd? Think you the Greeks are sail'd before the wind? Think you these presents safe, they leave behind? And is Ulysses banish'd from your mind? Or this prodigious fabric must enclose, Deep in its darksome womb our ambush'd foes: Or 'tis some engine, rais'd to batter down The tow'rs of Ilion, or command the town; Ah! trust not Greece, nor touch her gifts abhor'd; Her gifts are more destructive than her sword.'

Swift as the word, his pond'rous lance he threw; Against the sides the furious javelin flew, Thro' the wide womb a spacious passage found,
And shook with long vibrations in the wound.
The monster groans, and shakes the distant shore;
And, round his caverns roll'd, the deep'ning thunders roar.

Then, had not partial Fate conspir'd to blind, With more than madness, ev'ry Trojan mind, The crowd the treach'rous ambush had explor'd, And not a Greek had 'scap'd the vengeful sword; Old Priam still his empire would enjoy, And still thy tow'rs had stood, majestic Troy!

Meantime, before the king the Dardan swains, With shouts triumphant brought a youth in chains, A willing captive to the Trojan hands, To open Ilion to the Grecian bands; Bold and determin'd either fate to try; Resolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die. The troops tumultuous gather round the foe, To see the captive and insult his woe. Now hear the falshoods of the Grecian train; All, all in one; a nation in a man. For while confounded and disarm'd he stands, And trembling views around the Phrygian bands, 'Alas! what hospitable land, (he cry'd) Or oh! what seas a wand'ring wretch will hide?

Not only banish'd from the Grecian state; But Troy, avenging Troy, demands my fate.'

His melting tears, and moving sighs, controul Our rising rage, and soften ev'ry soul. Now, melting first, the good old king commands To free the captive, and to loose his hands. Then with soft accents, and a pleasing look, Mild and benevolent the monarch spoke.

'Henceforth let Greece no more thy thoughts employ, But live a subject and a son of Troy. With truth and strict sincerity proceed; Say, to what end they fram'd this monstrous steed; Who was its author, what his aim, declare! Some solemn vow? or engine of the war?'

Skill'd in the frauds of Greece, the captive rears His hands unshackled to the golden stars; 'You, ye eternal splendors! he exclaims, And you divine inviolable flames, Ye fatal swords and altars, which I fled, Ye wreaths that circled this devoted head; All, all, attest! that justly I release My sworn allegiance to the laws of Greece, Renounce my country, hate her sons, and lay Their inmost counsels open to the day.

And thou, O Troy, by Sinon* snatch'd from fate, Spare, spare the wretch, who saves the Phrygian state.

Greece on Minerva's aid rely'd alone, Since first the labours of the war begun: But from that execrable point of time, When Ithacus, the first in ev'ry crime, With Tydeus' impious son, the guards had slain, And brought her image from the Phrygian fane, Distain'd her sacred wreaths with murderous hands, Still red and reeking from the slaughter'd bands; Then ceas'd the triumphs of the Grecian train, And their full tide of conquest sunk again; Their strength decay'd, and many a dreadful sign To trembling Greece proclaim'd the wrath divine. Scarce to the camp the sacred image came, When from her eyes there flash'd a living flame; A briny sweat bedew'd her limbs around, And thrice she sprung indignant from the ground; Thrice was she seen with martial rage to wield Her pond'rous spear, and shake her blazing shield. With that, sage Calchas mov'd the trembling train To fly, and measure back the deeps again; That 'twas not giv'n our armies to destroy The Phrygian empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,

^{*} The Grecian captive, who is speaking.

Till they should bring from Greece those favouring gods, Who smil'd indulgent, when they plough'd the floods; With more auspicious signs repass the main, And with new omens take the field again. Now to their native country they repair, With gather'd forces to renew the war; The scheme of Calchas! and their vanish'd host Will soon return to waste the Phrygian coast. All Greece, atoning dire Ulysses' deed, To Pallas' honour rais'd this wond'rous steed; But Calchas order'd this enormous size, This monstrous bulk, that heaves into the skies. Lest Troy should lead it thro' her opening gate, And by this new palladium guard her state. For oh! ye Phrygians, had your rage profan'd This gift of Pallas with an impious hand, Some fate (which, all ye pow'rs immortal, shed With all your vengeance on its author's head!) In one prodigious ruin would destroy Thy empire, Priam, and the sons of Trov. But would you join within your walls to lead This pledge of heav'n, this tutelary steed; Then with her hosts, all Asia shall repair, And pour on Pelops' walls a storm of war: Then Greece shall bleed, and perish in her turn. Her future sons; her nations yet unborn.'

Thus did the perjur'd Sinon's art prevail;
Too fondly we believ'd the study'd tale;
And thus was Troy, who bravely could sustain
Achilles' fury, when he swept the plain,
A thousand vessels, and a ten years war,
Won by a sigh, and vanquish'd by a tear.

Here a more dreadful object rose to sight, And shook our souls with horror and affright. Unblest Laocoon, (whom the lots design Priest of the year, at Neptune's holy shrine,) Slew on the sands, beside the rolling flood, A stately steer, in honour of the god. When, horrid to relate! two serpents glide And roll incumbent on the glassy tide, Advancing to the shore; their spires they raise Fold above fold, in many a tow'ring maze. Beneath their burnish'd breasts the waters glow, Their crimson crests inflame the deeps below: O'er the vast flood extended long and wide, Their curling backs lay floating on the tide; Lash'd to a foam the boiling billows roar, And now the dreadful monsters reach'd the shore; Their hissing tongues they darted as they came, And their red eye-balls shot a sanguine flame Pale at the sight, we fled in dire dismay: Strait to Laocoon they direct their way;

And first in curling fiery volumes bound His two young sons, and wrapt them round and round; Devour'd the children in the father's view; Then on the miserable father flew, (While to their aid he runs with fruitless haste;) And all the man in horrid folds embrac'd. Twice round his waist, and round his neck they rear Their winding heads, and hiss aloft in air: His sacred wreath the livid poisons stain; And while he labours at the knots in vain. Stung to the soul, he bellows with the pain. So, when the axe has glanc'd upon his skull, Breaks from the shrine, and roars the wounded bull. But each huge serpent now retires again, And flies for shelter to Minerva's fane; Her buckler's orb the goddess wide display'd, And screen'd her monsters in the dreadful shade.

Then, a new fear the trembling crowd possest, A holy horror pants in every breast; All judge Laocoon justly doom'd to bleed, Whose guilty spear profan'd the sacred steed. We vote to lead it to Minerva's tow'r, And supplicate, with vows, th' offended pow'r. All to the fatal labour bend their care, Level the walls, and leave the bulwarks bare;

Some round the lofty neck the cables tye, Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply: The tow'ring monster, big with Ilion's doom. Mounts o'er the wall; an army in the womb: Around the moving pile the children join In shouts of transport, and in songs divine; They run, they pull the stretching cords with joy, And lend their little hands to ruin Troy! In one loud peal th' enormous horse rolls down, And thund'ring, gains the centre of the town. O Troy, renown'd in war! oh bright abodes! Oh glorious Troy! the labour of the gods! Thrice stop'd unmov'd the monster in the gate, And clashing arms thrice warn'd us of our fate; But we, by madness blinded and o'ercome, Lodge the dire monster in the sacred dome. Cassandra too, inspir'd, our fate declares (So Phœbus doom'd) to unregarding ears: We, thoughtless wretches! deck the shrines, and waste-In sports the day, which Heav'n decreed our last.

Now had the sun roll'd down the beamy light, And from the caves of Ocean rush'd the night. With one black veil her spreading shades suppress The face of nature, and the frauds of Greece. The Trojans round their walls in silence lay, And lost in sleep the labours of the day: When lo! their course the Grecian navy bore, New rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-known shore, (By silent Cynthia's friendly beams convey'd) And the proud admiral a flame display'd. Then Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods, Unlocks the mighty monster's dark abodes; His peopled caves pour forth in open air The heroes, and the whole imprison'd war. Led by the guiding cord, alight with joy Th' impatient princes in the midst of Troy; Machaon first, the great Achilles' heir, Ulysses, Thoas, Acamas, appear; A crowd of chiefs with Menelaus succeed: Epeus last, who fram'd the fraudful steed: Strait they invade the city, bury'd deep In fumes of wine, and all dissolv'd in sleep: They slay the guards, they burst the gates, and join Their fellows, conscious to the bold design.

Meantime tumultuous round the walls arise
Shrieks, clamours, shouts, and mingle in the skies.
And (tho' remote my father's palace stood,
With shades surrounded, and a gloomy wood)
Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms;
The voice of woe; the dreadful din of arms.
Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,
I mount the dome, and listen to the sound.

Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conspire, Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire; Or some big torrent, from a mountain's brow, Bursts, pours, and thunders down the vale below, O'erwhelms the fields, lays waste the golden grain, And headlong sweeps the forests to the main; Stunn'd at the din, the swain with list'ning ears, From some steep rock the sounding ruin hears.

Now Hector's warning prov'd too clear and true: The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view; The roaring flames in volumes huge aspire, And wrap thy dome, Deïphobus, in fire; Thine, sage Ucalegon, next strow'd the ground, And stretch'd a vast unmeasur'd ruin round. Wide o'er the waves the bright reflection plays; The surges redden with the distant blaze. Then shouts and trumpets swell the dire alarms; And, tho' twas vain, I madly flew to arms: Eager to raise a band of friends, and pour In one firm body, to defend the tow'r; Rage and revenge my kindling bosom fire, Warm, and in arms, to conquer or expire.

But lo! poor Pantheus, Phœbus' priest, appears, Just scap'd the foe, distracted with his fears,

The sage his vanquish'd gods and reliques bore, And with his trembling grandson sought the shore. · Say, Pantheus, how the fate of Ilion stands? Say, if a tow'r remains in Trojan hands?' He thus with groans: 'Our last sad hour is come, Our certain, fixt, inevitable doom. Troy once was great, but oh! the scene is o'er, Her glory vanish'd, and her name no more! For partial Jove transfers her past renown To Greece, who triumphs in her burning town; And, the huge monster from his op'ning side Pours forth her warriors in an endless tide; With joy proud Sinon sees the flames aspire, Heaps blaze on blaze, and mingles fire with fire; Here thousands pouring thro' the gates appear, Far more than proud Mycenæ sent to war. Some seize the passes; groves of spears arise, That thirst for blood, and flash against the skies; The guards but just maintain a feeble fight With their fierce foes, amidst the gloomy night.'

While Pantheus' words, while ev'ry god inspires, I flew to arms, and rush'd amidst the fires, Where the loud furies call; where shouts and cries Ring round the walls, and thunder in the skies.

Now faithful Ripheus on my side appears, With hoary Iphitus, advanc'd in years; And valiant Hypazis and Dymas, known
By the pale splendors of the glimm'ring moon;
With these Chorcebus, Mygdon's gen'rous boy,
Who came ill fated to the wars of Troy;
Fir'd with the fair Cassandra's blooming charms,
To aid her sire with unavailing arms;
Ah brave unhappy youth!—he would not hear
His bride inspir'd, who warn'd him from the war!

Then thro' the town, determin'd to expire,
Thro' the thick storm of darts, thro' smoke and fire,
Wrapt and surrounded with the shades of night,
We rush'd to certain death, and mingled in the fight.

What tongue the dreadful slaughter could disclose? Or oh! what tears could answer half our woes? The glorious empress of the nations round, Majestic Troy, lay levell'd with the ground: Her murder'd natives crowded her abodes, Her streets, her domes, and temples of her gods. Nor bled Ilion alone: her turn succeeds; For then she conquers, and proud Argos bleeds; Death in a thousand forms destructive frown'd, And woe, despair, and horror, rag'd around.

And first Androgeos, whom a train attends, With stile familiar hail'd us as his friends;

Haste, brave associates, haste; what dull delay Detains you here while others seize the prey? In flames your friends have laid all Ilion waste, And you come lagging from your ships the last.

Thus he; but soon from our reply he knows His fatal error, compass'd round with foes; Restrains his tongue, and, meditating flight, Stops short;—and startles at the dreadful sight. So the pale swain, who treads upon a snake, Unseen, and lurking in the gloomy brake, Soon as his swelling spires in circles play, Starts back and shoots precipitate away. Fierce we rush in, the heedless foes surround, And lay the wretches breathless on the ground, (New to the place, with sudden terror wild); And thus at first our flattering fortune smil'd.

Then by his courage and success inspir'd,
His warlike train the brave Chorœbus fir'd:
Lo! friends, the road of safety you survey;
Come, follow fortune, where she points the way;
Let each in Argive hands his limbs disguise,
And wield the bucklers that the foe supplies;
For if success an enemy attends,
Who asks, if fraud or valour gain'd his ends?

This said, Androgeos' crested helm he wore;
Then on his arm, the pond'rous buckler bore,
With beauteous figures grac'd, and warlike pride;
The starry sword hung glitt'ring at his side.
Like him bold Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest,
Their manly limbs in hostile armour drest.
With gods averse, we follow to the fight,
And, undistinguish'd in the shades of night,
Mix with the foes, employ the murdering steel,
And plunge whole squadrons to the depths of hell.
Some, wild with fear, precipitate retreat,
Fly to the shore, and shelter in the fleet;
Some climb the monstrous horse, a frighted train,
And there lie trembling in the sides again.

But, Heav'n against us, all attempts must fail, All hopes are vain, nor courage can prevail; For lo! Cassandra, lo! the royal fair From Pallas' shrine with loose dishevell'd hair Dragg'd by the shouting victors: to the skies She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing eyes; Her eyes—she could no more—the Grecian bands Had rudely manacled her tender hands. Chorœbus could not bear that scene of woes; But fir'd with fury, flew amidst the foes: As swift we follow to redeem the fair, Rush to his aid, and thicken to the war,

Here from the temple on our troop descends A storm of jav'lins from our Trojan friends, Who, from our arms and helmets, deem'd us foes; And hence a dreadful scene of slaughter rose.

And now, great Queen, you haply long to know
The fate of Priam in this general woe.
When with sad eyes the venerable sire
Beheld his Ilion sunk in hostile fire,
His palace storm'd, the lofty gates laid low,
His rich pavilions crowded with the foe;
In arms, long since disus'd, the hoary sage
Loads each stiff languid limb, that shook with age;
Girds on an unperforming sword in vain,
And runs on death amidst the hostile train.

Within the courts, beneath the naked sky,
An altar rose; an aged laurel by;
That o'er the hearth and household gods display'd
A solemn gloom, a deep majestic shade:
Hither, like doves, who close-embody'd fly
From some dark tempest black'ning in the sky,
The queen for refuge with her daughters ran;
Clung and embrac'd their images in vain.
But when in cumb'rous arms the king she spy'd,
'Alas! my poor unhappy lord! she cry'd,

What more than madness, midst these dire alarms, Mov'd thee to load thy helpless age with arms? No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands, But asks far other strength, far other hands. No! could my own dear Hector arm again, My own dear Hector now would arm in vain. Come to these altars; here we all shall have One common refuge, or one common grave.'

This said, her aged lord the queen embrac'd, And on the sacred seat the monarch plac'd. When lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons, Through darts and foes, from slaught'ring Pyrrhus runs -Wounded he traverses the cloyster'd dome, Darts thro' the courts, and shoots from room to room : Close, close behind, pursu'd the furious foe, Just grasp'd the youth, and aim'd the fatal blow. Soon as within his parents sight he past, Pierc'd by the pointed death, he breath'd his last: He fell; a purple stream the pavement dy'd, The soul comes gushing in the crimson tide. The king that scene impatient to survey, Tho' death surrounds him, gives his fury way; And, 'Oh! may ev'ry violated god,. Barbarian! thank thee for this deed of blood; (If gods there are, such actions to regard,) Oh! may they give thy guilt the full reward;

Guilt, that a father's sacred eyes defil'd
With blood, the blood of his dear murder'd child!
Unlike thy sire, Achilles the divine!
(But sure Achilles was no sire of thine!)
Foe as I was, the hero deign'd to hear
The guest's, the suppliant's, king's, and father's pray'r;
To funeral rites restor'd my Hector slain,
And safe dismiss'd me to my realm again.'

This said, his trembling arm essay'd to throw The dull dead jav'lin, that scarce reach'd the foe; The weapon languishingly lagg'd along, And guiltless, on the buckler faintly rung.

'Thou then be first, replies the chief, to go With these sad tidings to his ghost below; Begone; acquaint him with my crimes in Troy, And tell my sire of his degen'rate boy. Die then;' he said, and dragg'd the monarch on. Thro' the warm blood that issu'd from his son, Stagg'ring and sliding in the slipp'ry gore. And to the shrine the royal victim bore; Lock'd in the left he grasps the silver hairs, High in the right the flaming blade he rears, Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd. He plung'd the ruthless falchion in his side.

Such was the fate unhappy Priam found, Who saw his Troy lie level'd with the ground; He who round Asia sent his high commands, And stretch'd his empire o'er a hundred lands, Now lies a headless carcase on the shore, The man, the monarch, and the name no more!

Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious foe,
Struck with that scene of unexampled woe;
Soon as I saw the murder'd king expire:
His old compeer, my venerable sire,
My palace, son, and consort left behind,
All, all, at once came rushing on my mind.
I gaz'd around, but not a friend was there:
My hapless friends, abandon'd to despair,
Had leap'd down headlong from the lofty spires,
Tir'd with their toils; or plung'd amidst the fires.

And lo! the gods with dreadful faces frown'd, And lower'd, majestically stern, around: Then fell proud Ilion's bulwarks, tow'rs and spires; Then Troy, tho' rais'd by Neptune, sunk in fires. So when an aged ash, whose honours rise From some steep mountain tow'ring to the skies, With many an axe by shouting swains is ply'd, (Fierce they repeat the strokes from ev'ry side) The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,
Bows the high head, and nods to ev'ry wound:
At last quite vanquish'd, with a dreadful peal,
In one loud groan rolls crashing down the vale;
Headlong with half the shatter'd mountain flies,
And stretch'd out huge in length th' unmeasur'd ruin lies.

THE PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

FROM DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF THE ÆNEID.

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen:
The hero's valour, acts, and birth inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her sister first with early care she sought,
And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:

' My dearest Anna! what new dreams affright My lab'ring soul! what visions of the night Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast With strange ideas of our Trojan guest! His worth, his actions, and majestic air, A man descended from the gods declare. Fear ever argues a degen'rate kind: His birth is well asserted by his mind. Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd! What brave attempts for falling Troy he made! Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke, That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke Of hapless marriage-never to be curs'd With second love, so fatal was my first-To this one error I might yield again: For, since Sichæus was untimely slain, This only man is able to subvert The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart. And, to confess my frailty, to my shame, Somewhat I find within, if not the same, Too like the sparkles of my former flame. But first let vawning earth a passage rend, And let me through the dark abyss descend-First let avenging Jove, with flames from high, Drive down this body to the nether sky, Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lieBefore I break the plighted faith I gave!
No! he who had my vows, shall ever have;
For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave.'

She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes, And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies: O dearer than the vital air I breathe! Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath, Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life, Without the joys of mother, or of wife? Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe, Are known or valued by the ghosts below? I grant, that, while your sorrows yet were green, It well became a woman, and a queen, The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect, To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject, With all the Libyan lords of mighty name: But will you fight against a pleasing flame? This little spot of land, which heav'n bestows, On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes: Gætulian cities here are spread around, And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound: Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land, And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand: Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore; And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.

Propitious heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
This wand'ring navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies!
Implore the favour of the pow'rs above;
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
'Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.'

These words, which from a friend and sister came, With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame, And added fury to the kindled flame.

Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue; On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew:

A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.

Preferring Juno's pow'r (for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys),
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.

A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And, while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke,

With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows, avail to cure a bleeding heart?
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.

Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves, From street to street, the raving Dido roves. So, when the watchful shepherd, from the blind, Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind. Distracted with her pain she flies the woods, Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods-With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart. And now she leads the Trojan chief along The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng; Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town, Which love, without his labour, makes his own. This pomp she shews, to tempt her wand'ring guest: Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest. When day declines, and feasts renew the night, Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight: She longs again to hear the prince relate His own adventures, and the Trojan fate. He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain; For still she begs to hear it once again.

The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends; And thus the tragic story never ends.

From that ill-omen'd day, in time arose Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.

The queen, whom sense of honour could not move, No longer made a secret of her love, But call'd it marriage, by that specious name To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame.

The pious prince now seiz'd with sudden fear;*
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair:
Revolving in his mind the stern command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What should he say? or how should he begin?
What course, alas! remairs, to steer between
Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen?
This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find.
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means—
After leng thought, to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ship their men with silent care:
Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in secret he design'd.

^{*} At the mandate of the gods, to fly from Carthage.

Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose, Before the love-sick lady heard the news; And move her tender mind, by slow degrees, To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees: Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.—They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.

But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise: (What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears.
Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round.
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear.

But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
To give that pity which her grief requir'd—
Though much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his love—
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove;
Reviews his forces: they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.

The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride; And well-caulk'd galleys in the harbour ride. Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood, Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood, Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore: On ev'ry side are seen, descending down, Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town. Thus, in battalia, march embody'd ants, Fearful of winter, and of future wants, T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey. The sable troops, along the narrow tracks, Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs: Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain! Some guard the spoil: some lash the lagging train: All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.

What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore!
When, from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore,
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war!
All-pow'rful Love! what changes canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:
To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.

No female arts or aids she left untry'd, Nor counsels unexplor'd before she died.

'Look, Anna! look! the Trojans crowd to sea; They spread their canvass, and their anchors weigh. The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind, Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind. Could I have thought this threat'ning blow so near, My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear. But do not you my last request deny: With you perfidious man your int'rest try, And bring me news, if I must live or die. You are his fav'rite: you alone can find The dark recesses of his inmost mind: In all his trusted secrets you have part, And know the soft approaches to his heart. Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe; Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go, Nor did my fleet against his friends employ, Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy, Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust: Why should he then reject a suit so just? Whom does he shun? and whither would he fly? Can he this last, this only pray'r deny? Let him at least his dang'rous flight delay. Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.

The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more:
Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now—
A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast.'

This mournful message pious Anna bears, And seconds with her own her sister's tears: But all her arts are still employ'd in vain: Again she comes, and is refus'd again. His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings move; Fate, and the gods, had stopp'd his ears to love. As, when the winds their airy quarrel try, Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky, This way and that the mountain oak they bend; His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend; With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground; The hollow vallies echo to the sound: Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks, Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks: Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high, So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie. No less a storm the Trojan hero bears; Thick messages and loud complaints he hears, And bandy'd words, still beating on his ears

Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains; But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursu'd by cruel Fate, Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate, And loaths to live. Then dire portents she sees, To hasten on the death her soul decrees-Strange to relate! for when, before the shrine, She pours in sacrifice the purple wine, The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood; And the white offer'd milk converts to mud. This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd, From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd. A marble temple stood within the grove, Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love; That honour'd chapel she had hung around With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd: Oft, when she visited this lonely dome, Strange voices issu'd from her husband's tomb: She thought she heard him summon her away, Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief, From death alone she seeks her last relief: The time and means resolv'd within her breast, She to her mournful sister thus address'd: (Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears, And a false vigour in her eyes appears.) Rejoice!' she said. 'Instructed from above, My lover I shall gain, or lose my love. Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun, Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run: There a Massylian priestess I have found, Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd: Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care; 'Twas she supply'd the wakeful dragon's fare. She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep, Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep: She watch'd the golden fruit. Her charms unbind The chains of love, or fix them on the mind: She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry, Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky. The yawning earth rebellows to her call; Pale ghosts ascend; and mountain ashes fall. Witness, ve gods, and thou my better part, How loth I am to try this impious art! Within the secret court, with silent care, Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air: Hang, on the topmost part, the Trojan vest, Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest. Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd, Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd.

All reliques of the wretch are doom'd to fire; For so the priestess and her charms require.'

Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears. A mortal paleness in her face appears: Vet the mistrustless Anna could not find The secret fun'ral, in these rights design'd; Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind. Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well, She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell; Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear, Within the secret court, expos'd in air. The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high; And garlands on the hollow spaces lie. Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath; And ev'ry baleful green denoting death. The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed, The spoils and sword he left, in order spread, And the man's image on the nuptial bed.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murm'ring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order mov'd around;
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the
ground.

The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl
Which haunt the woods or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake:
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find:
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart;
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind: What shall I do? what succour can I find? Become a suppliant to Iarbas' pride, And take my turn to court and be deny'd? Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go, Forsake an empire, and attend a foe? Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd-'Tis true-but am I sure to be receiv'd? Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place? Laomedon still lives in all his race! Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew, Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue? What force have I but those, whom scarce before I drew reluctant from their native shore? Will they again embark at my desire, Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre? Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known—
Had I continu'd free, and still my own—
Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
But shar'd with savage beasts the common air.
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.'

These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.— On board, the Trojan found more easy rest. Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night; And order'd all things for his early flight.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,
When, from a tow'r, the queen with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward: but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descry'd.
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
'And shall th' ungrateful traitor go (she said),
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?

Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street, To follow, sink, and burn, his perjur'd fleet? Haste! haul my galleys out! pursue the foe! Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row! What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns. Then, when I gave my person and my throne, This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown. See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name, The pious man, who rushing through the flame, Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore The burden of his feeble father bore! I should have torn him piece-meal-strow'd in floods His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods-Destroy'd his friends and son-and from the fire Have set the reeking boy before the sire. Events are doubtful, which on battle wait: Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate? My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command, Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band; At once extinguish'd all the faithless name; And I myself, in vengeance of my shame, Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the fun'ral flame. Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below! Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow! Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes! Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods!

All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath, Attend her curses, and avenge her death! If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands, Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands, Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes, His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose: Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field, His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd, Let him for succour sue from place to place, Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace. First let him see his friends in battle slain. And their untimely fate lament in vain: And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease, On hard conditions may he buy his peace: Nor let him then enjoy supreme command; But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand, And lie unbury'd on the barren sand! These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will: And you, my Tyrians, every curse fulfil. Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim Against the prince, the people, and the name. These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow; Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know! Now, and from hence in ev'ry future age, When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage,

Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood—
Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs—
And the same hate descend on all our heirs!'

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said,
(For, when she left her country, her's was dead),
Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings, bring;
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops: then let her come; and thouwith sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire;
And, as that burns, my passion shall expire.'

The nurse moves onward with officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace:

Ghastly she gaz'd; with pain she drew her breath; And nature shiver'd at approaching death.

Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd, And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious haste; Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind, (Not for so dire an enterprise design'd.) But when she view'd the garments loosely spread, Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed, She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd, Then on the couch her trembling body cast, Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last: Dear pledges of my love, while heav'n so pleas'd, Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd. My fatal course is finish'd; and I go, A glorious name, among the ghosts below. A lofty city by my hands is rais'd; Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd. What could my fortune have afforded more, Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?' Then kiss'd the couch; and 'must I die,' she said, 'And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead! Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive: On any terms, 'tis better than to live. These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view: These boding omens his base flight pursue!'

She said, and struck: deep enter'd in her side The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd: Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands; The spouting blood came streaming on her hands. Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke, And with loud cries the sounding palace shook. Distracted from the fatal sight they fled, And through the town the dismal rumour spread: First from the frighted court the yell began; Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran.

Her sister hears: and furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair;
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,
And fainting, thrice fell grov'ling on the bed;
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.

EXTRACTS FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Translated by various Authors.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

[CONGREVE.]

When long his loss the Thracian had deplor'd, Not by superior pow'rs to be restor'd; Inflam'd by love, and urg'd by deep despair, He leaves the realms of light, and upper air; Daring to tread the dark Tenarian road, And tempt the shades in their obscure abode: Thro' gliding spectres of th' interr'd to go, And phantom people of the world below: Persephonè he seeks, and him who reigns O'er ghosts, and hell's uncomfortable plains. Arriv'd, he tuning to his voice his strings, Thus to the king and queen of shadows sings:

'Ye pow'rs, who under earth your realms extend,
To whom all mortals must one day descend:
If here 'tis granted sacred truth to tell;
I come not curious to explore your hell;
Nor come to boast (by vain ambition fir'd)
How Cerberus at my approach retir'd:

My wife alone I seek; for her lov'd sake, These terrors I support, this journey take. She, luckless wand'ring, or by fate misled, Chanc'd on a lurking viper's crest to tread; The vengeful beast, inflam'd with fury, starts, And thro' her heel his deathful venom darts. Thus was she snatch'd untimely to her tomb; Her growing years cut short, and springing bloom. Long I my loss endeavour'd to sustain, And strongly strove, but strove, alas! in vain: At length I yielded, won by mighty love; Well known is that omnipotence above! But here, I doubt, his unfelt influence fails; And yet a hope within my heart prevails, That here, e'en here, he has been known of old; At least, if truth be by tradition told; If fame of former rapes belief may find, You both by love, and love alone, were join'd. Now, by the horrors which these realms surround; By the vast chaos of these depths profound; By the sad silence which eternal reigns O'er all the waste of these wide-stretching plains: Let me again Eurydicè receive, Let fate her quick-spun thread of life re-weave. All our possessions are but loans from you, And soon, or late, you must be paid your due;

Hither we haste to human-kind's last seat, Your endless empire, and our sure retreat. She too, when ripen'd years she shall attain, Must, of avoidless right, be yours again: I but the transient use of that require, Which soon, too soon, I must resign entire. But if the Destinies refuse my vow, And no remission of her doom allow; Know, I'm determin'd to return no more; So both retain, or both to life restore.'

Thus, while the bard melodiously complains,
And to his lyre accords his vocal strains,
The very bloodless shades attention keep,
And silent, seem compassionate to weep;
E'en Tantalus his flood unthirsty views,
Nor flies the stream, nor he the stream pursues;
Ixīon's wond'ring wheel its whirl suspends,
And the voracious vulture, charm'd, attends:
No more the Belidès their toil bemoan,
And Sisiphus reclin'd, sits list'ning on his stone.

Then first ('tis said) by sacred verse subdu'd, The Furies felt their cheeks with tears bedew'd: Nor could the rigid king or queen of hell, Th' impulse of pity in their hearts repel. Now, from a troop of shades that last arriv'd, Eurydicè was call'd, and stood reviv'd.

Slow she advanc'd, and halting, seem'd to feel
The fatal wound, yet painful, in her heel.

Thus he obtains the suit so much desir'd,
On strict observance of the terms requir'd:
For if, before he reach the realms of air,
He backward cast his eyes to view the fair,
The forfeit grant that instant void is made,
And she for ever left a lifeless shade.

Now thro' the noiseless throng their way they bend, And both with pain the rugged road ascend;
Dark was the path, and difficult, and steep,
And thick with vapours from the smoky deep.
They well-nigh now had pass'd the bounds of night,
And just approach'd the margin of the light,
When he, mistrusting lest her eyes might stray,
And gladsome of the glimpse of dawning day,
His longing eyes, impatient, backward cast
To catch a lover's look—but look'd his last;
For instant dying, she again descends,
While he to empty air his arms extends.

Again she died, nor yet her lord reprov'd; What could she say, but that too well he lov'd? One last farewell she spoke, which scarce he heard; So soon she drop'd, so sudden disappear'd.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

[EUSDEN.]

In Babylon, where first her queen, for state, Rais'd walls of brick magnificently great, Liv'd Pyramus and Thisbè, lovely pair: He found no eastern youth his equal there, And she beyond the fairest nymph was fair. A closer neighbourhood was never known, Tho' two the houses, yet the roof was one. Acquaintance grew: th' acquaintance they improve To friendship; friendship ripen'd into love: Love had been crown'd, but impotently mad, What parents could not hinder, they forbade: For with fierce flames young Pyramus still burn'd, And grateful Thisbè flames as fierce return'd. Aloud in words their thoughts they dare not break, But silent stand (and silent looks can speak;) The fire of love, the more it is supprest, The more it glows, and rages in the breast.

When the division-wall was built, a chink
Was left, the cement unobserv'd to shrink.
So slight the cranny, that it still had been
For centuries unclos'd, because unseen.
But oh! what thing so small, so secret lies,
Which 'scapes, if form'd for love, a lover's eyes?

Ev'n in this narrow chink they quickly found A friendly passage for a trackless sound; Safely they told their sorrows and their joys, In whisper'd murmurs, and a dying noise; By turns to catch each other's breath they strove, And suck'd in all the balmy breeze of love. Oft, as on diff'rent sides they stood, they cry'd: 'Malicious wall, thus lovers to divide! Suppose, thou should'st awhile to us give place, To lock and fasten in a close embrace: But if too much to grant so sweet a bliss, Indulge, at least, the pleasure of a kiss. We scorn ingratitude: to thee, we know, This safe conveyance of our minds we owe!'

Thus they their vain petition did renew Till night, and then they softly sigh'd, adieu! But first they strove to kiss, and that was all; Their kisses died untasted on the wall,

Soon as the morn had o'er the stars prevail'd,
And warn'd by Phœbus, flow'rs their dews exhal'd,
The lovers to their well-known place return,
Alike they suffer, and alike they mourn.
At last their parents they resolve to cheat,
(If to deceive in love be call'd deceit)

To steal by night from home, and thence unknown To seek the fields, and quit th' unfaithful town. But, to prevent their wand'ring in the dark, They both agree to fix upon a mark;

A mark that could not their designs expose:
The tomb of Ninus was the mark they chose;
There they might rest secure beneath the shade,
Which boughs, with snowy fruit incumber'd, made:
A wide-spread mulberry its rise had took
Just on the margin of a gurgling brook.

Impatient for the friendly dusk they stay; And chide the slowness of departing day. In western seas down sunk at last the light, From western seas up rose the shades of night. The loving Thisbè ev'n prevents the hour; With cautious silence she unlocks the door, And veils her face, and marching thro' the gloom, Swiftly arrives at th'assignation tomb: (For still the fearful sex can fearless prove; Boldly they act, if spirited by love;) When, lo! a lioness rush'd o'er the plain, Grimly besmear'd with blood of oxen slain: And what to the dire sight new horrors brought, To slake her thirst the neighb'ring spring she sought. Which, by the moon, when trembling Thisbè spies, Wing'd with her fear, swift as the wind she flies;

And in a cave recovers from her fright, But drop'd her veil, confounded in her flight. When sated with repeated draughts, again The queen of beasts scour'd back along the plain, She found the veil, and mouthing it all o'er, With bloody jaws the lifeless prey she tore.

The youth, who could not cheat his guards so soon, Late came, and noted, by the glimm'ring moon, Some savage feet new printed on the ground; His cheeks turn'd pale, his limbs no vigour found: But when, advancing on, the veil he spy'd, Distain'd with blood, and ghastly torn, he cry'd: One night shall death to two young lovers give, But she deserv'd unnumber'd years to live! 'Tis I am guilty, I have thee betray'd, Who came not early as my charming maid. Whatever slew thee, I the cause remain; I nam'd and fix'd the place where thou wast slain. Ye lions, from your neighb'ring dens repair, Pity the wretch, this impious body tear! But cowards thus for death can idly cry; The brave still have it in their power to die!'

Then to th' appointed tree he hastes away, The veil first gather'd, tho' all rent it lay:

The veil all rent, yet still itself endears; He kiss'd, and kissing, wash'd it with his tears. Tho' rich (he cried) with many a precious stain, Still from my blood a deeper tincture gain. Then in his breast his shining sword he drown'd, And fell supine, extended on the ground. As out again the blade he dying drew, Out spun the blood, and streaming upwards flew. So if a conduit-pipe e'er burst you saw, Swift spring the gushing waters through the flaw; Then spouting in a bow, they rise on high, And a new fountain plays amid the sky. The berries, stain'd with blood, began to show A dark complexion, and forgot their snow; While fatten'd with the flowing gore, the root Was doom'd for ever to a purple fruit.

Meantime poor Thisbè fear'd, so long she stay'd, Her lover might suspect a perjur'd maid. Her fright scarce o'er, she strove the youth to find, With ardent eyes, which spoke an ardent mind. Already in his arms, she hears him sigh At her destruction which was once so nigh. The tomb, the tree, but not the fruit, she knew; The fruit she doubted for its alter'd hue. Still as she doubts, her eyes a body found Quiv'ring in death, and gasping on the ground.

She started back! the red her cheeks forsook,
And ev'ry nerve with thrilling horrors shook.
So trembles the smooth surface of the seas,
If brush'd o'er gently with a rising breeze.
But when her view her bleeding love confess'd,
She shriek'd, she tore her hair, she beat her breast,
She rais'd the body, and embrac'd it round,
And bath'd with tears unfeign'd the gaping wound;
Then her warm lips to the cold face apply'd,
'And is it thus, ah! thus we meet!' she cry'd:
'My Pyramus! whence sprang thy cruel fate!
My Pyramus; ah! speak, ere 'tis too late:
I thy own Thisbè, but one word implore,
One word thy Thisbè never ask'd before.'

At Thisbe's name, awak'd, he open'd wide His dying eyes; with dying eyes he try'd On her to dwell, but clos'd them slow, and died.

The fatal cause was now at last explor'd,
Her veil she knew, and saw his sheathless sword:
'From thy own hand thy ruin thou hast found,
She said; but love first taught that hand to wound.
Ev'n I for thee as bold a hand can show,
And love, which shall as true direct the blow.
I will against the woman's weakness strive,
And never thee, lamented youth, survive.

The world may say, I caus'd, alas! thy death, But saw thee breathless, and resign'd my breath. Fate, though it conquers, shall no triumph gain, Fate, that divides us, still divides in vain.

'Now, both our cruel parents, hear my pray'r;
My pray'r to offer for us both I dare:
Oh! see our ashes in one urn confin'd,
Whom love at first, and fate at last has join'd.
The bliss you envy'd, is not our request;
Lovers, when dead, may sure together rest.
Thou, tree, where now one lifeless lump is laid,
Ere long o'er two shall cast a friendly shade.
Still let our loves from thee be understood,
Still witness in thy purple fruit our blood.'

She spoke: and in her bosom plung'd the sword, All warm and reeking from its slaughter'd lord.

The pray'r, which dying Thisbè had prefer'd, Both gods and parents with compassion heard. The whiteness of the mulberry soon fled, And rip'ning, sadden'd in a dusky red: While both their parents their lost children mourn, And mix their ashes in one golden urn.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF HYACINTHUS INTO A FLOWER.

[OZELL.]

PHEBUS for thee too, Hyacinth, design'd
A place among the gods, had fate been kind:
Yet this he gave; as oft as wintry rains
Are past, and vernal breezes soothe the plains,
From the green turf a purple flow'r you rise,
And with your fragrant breath perfume the skies.

You when alive were Phœbus' darling boy; In you he plac'd his heav'n, and fix'd his joy: Their god the Delphic priests consult in vain; Eurotas now he loves, and Sparta's plain: His hands, the use of bow and harp forget, And hold the dogs, or bear the corded net; O'er hanging cliffs swift he pursues the game; Each hour his pleasure, each augments his flame.

The mid-day sun now shone with equal light Between the past, and the succeeding night; They strip, then, smooth'd with suppling oil, essay To pitch the rounded quoit, their wonted play:

A well-poised disk, first hasty Phœbus threw,
It cleft the air, and whistled as it flew;
It reach'd the mark, a most surprizing length;
Which spoke an equal share of art and strength.
Scarce was it fall'n, when with too eager hand
Young Hyacinth ran to snatch it from the sand;
But the curst orb, which met a stony soil,
Flew in his face with violent recoil.
Both faint, both pale, and breathless now appear,
The boy with pain, the am'rous god with fear.
He ran, and rais'd him bleeding from the ground,
Chafes his cold limbs, and wipes the fatal wound:
Then herbs of noblest juice in vain applies;

As in a water'd garden's blooming walk,
When some rude hand has bruis'd its tender stalk,
A fading lily droops its languid head,
And bends to earth, its life and beauty fled:
O Hyacinth, with head reclined, decays,
d, sick'ning, now no more his charms displays.

The wound is mortal, and his skill defies.

Oh! thou art gone, my boy, (Apollo cry'd) efrauded of thy youth in all its pride!

Thou, once my joy, art all my sorrow now;
And to my guilty hand my grief I owe:
Yet from myself I might the fault remove,
Unless to sport, and play, a fault should prove,
Unless it too were call'd a fault to love.
Oh! could I for thee, or but with thee die!
But cruel fates to me that pow'r deny:
Yet on my tongue thou shalt for ever dwell;
Thy name my lyre shall sound, my verse shall tell;
And to a flow'r transform'd, unheard of yet,
Stamp'd on thy leaves, my cries thou shalt repeat.
The time shall come, prophetic I foreknow,
When join'd to thee, a mighty * chief shall grow,
And with my plaints his name thy leaf shall show.

While Phœbus thus the law of fate reveal'd, Behold, the blood which stain'd the verdant field, Is blood no longer; but a flow'r full blown Far brighter than the Tyrian scarlet shone. A lily's form it took; its purpled hue Was all that made a diff'rence to the view. Nor stop'd he here; the god upon its leaves The sad expression of his sorrow weaves; And to this hour the mournful purple wears Ai, Ai, inscribed in funeral characters.

Nor are the Spartans, who so much are famed For virtue, of their hyacinth ashamed; But still with pompous wo, and solemn state, The Hyacinthian feasts they yearly celebrate.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON

INTO A STAG.

[ADDISON.]

In a fair chase a shady mountain stood,
Well stored with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntsmen, till the heat of day,
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Actæon, calling to the rest,
My friends, (says he) our sport is at the best:
The sun is high advanced, and downward sheds
His burning beams directly on our heads;
Then, by consent, abstain from further spoils,
Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
Take the cool morning to renew the chase.
They all consent, and in a cheerful train

The jolly huntsmen, laden with the slain, Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
(The chaste Diana's private haunt) there stood,
Full in the centre of the darksome wood,
A spacious grotto, all around o'er-grown
With heavy moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And, trickling, swell into a lake below.
Nature had every-where so play'd her part,
That every-where she seem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chafed with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
Each busy nymph her proper part undress'd;
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort, by turns,
Fetch up the water, and unlade the urns.

Now all undrest the shining goddess stood, When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood, To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd, The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd. The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprize, (The forest echo'd with their piercing cries,) Then in a huddle round their goddess press'd: She, proudly eminent above the rest, With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn; And, tho' the crowding nymphs her body hide, Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside. Surprized, at first she would have snatch'd her bow, But sees the circling waters round her flow; These in the hollow of her hand she took, And dash'd 'em in his face while thus she spoke: Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclosed, A goddess naked to thy view exposed.

This said, the man began to disappear By slow degrees, and ended in a deer:
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown,
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.

But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
He saw his branching horns, and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass,
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage, hairy face.
What should he do? or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and skulk in woods!
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies His op'ning hounds, and now he hears their cries; A gen'rous pack, or to maintain the chase, Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flow'ry plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Thro' many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies:
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.

When now the fleetest of the pack, that press'd Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest, Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair, Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there, Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound Tore the sad huntsman groveling on the ground, Who now appear'd but one continued wound. With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans, And fills the mountains with his dying groans. His servants, with a piteous look he spies, And turns about his supplicating eyes; His servants, ignorant of what had chanced, With eager haste and joyful shouts advanced, And call'd their lord Actaon to the game: He shook his head in answer to the name: He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone, Or only to have stood a looker-on: But, to his grief, he finds himself too near, And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear Their wretched master, panting, in a deer,

ODES OF SAPPHO.*

ODE I.+

AN HYMN TO VENUS.

Ι.

O Venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles;
O goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

- * This celebrated lyric poetess, honoured by the ancients with the title of the tenth Muse, flourished about 600 years before the christian era. She was a native of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos. Of her works, nothing has been preserved to posterity but the two Odes which are here inserted, and a few other small fragments. The second Ode, it will be perceived by the reader, has not been transmitted to us entire, wanting at least another stanza to render it complete. On these beautiful relics, Mr. Addison has favoured the world with some very elegant criticism, in the 223d and 229th Numbers of the Spectator.
- † From the translation of Ambrose Phillips. In the other Ode and fragments, we have adopted Mr. Fawkes's version.

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress prefer'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddess! hear me now:
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

III.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hovering in air they lightly flew:
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

IV.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smiled,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

v.

What phrenzy in my bosom raged, And by what cure to be assuaged?

What gentle youth I would allure, Whom in my artful toils secure? 'Who does thy tender heart subdue, Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

VI.

'Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms, He soon shall court thy slighted charms; Tho' now thy offerings he despise, He soon to thee shall sacrifice; Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn, And be thy victim in his turn.'

VII.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come, and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief,
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

ODE II.*

T.

More happy than the gods is he Who, soft-reclining, sits by thee; His ears thy pleasing talk beguiles, His eyes thy sweetly-dimpled smiles.

H.

This, this, alas! alarm'd my breast, And rob'd me of my golden rest: While gazing on thy charms I hung, My voice died faltering on my tongue.

III.

With subtle flames my bosom glows, Quick through each vein the poison flows: Dark, dimming mists my eyes surround; My ears with hollow murmurs sound.

IV.

My limbs with dewy chillness freeze, On my whole frame pale tremblings seize, And losing colour, sense and breath, I seem quite languishing in death.

^{*} Whatever might have been the occasion of this Ode, (says Mr. Addison) the English reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the person of a lover sitting by his mistress.—Spectator, No. 229.

FRAGMENTS OF SAPPHO.

TO VENUS.

Venus, queen of smiles and love, Quit, oh quit the skies above; To my lowly roof descend, At the mirthful feast attend; Hand the golden goblet round, With delicious nectar crown'd: None but joyous friends you'll see, Friends of Venus, and of me.

ON THE ROSE.

Would Jove appoint some flower to reign In matchless beauty on the plain, The rose (mankind will all agree) The rose the queen of flowers should be; The pride of plants, the grace of bowers, The blush of meads, the eye of flowers: Its beauties charm the gods above; Its fragrance is the breath of love;

Its foliage wantons in the air, Luxuriant like the flowing hair; It shines in blooming splendour gay, While zephyrs on its bosom play.

FRAGMENT III.

CEASE, gentle mother, cease your sharp reproof, My hands no more can ply the curious woof, While on my mind the flames of Cupid prey, And lovely Phaon steals my soul away.









